Chronicles

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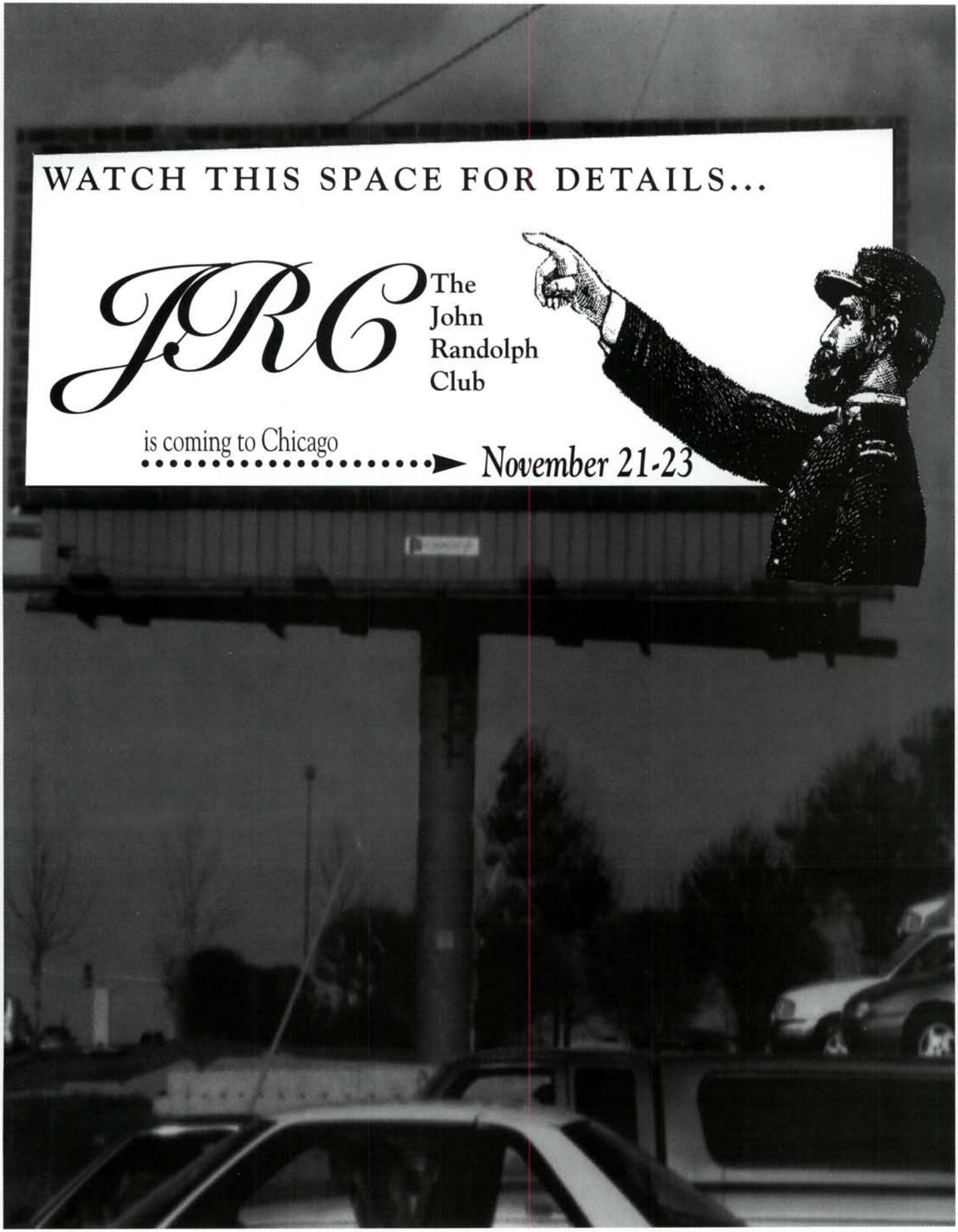

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Chronicles

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

PERSPECTIVE

Birth of a Nation 10
by Thomas Fleming

A lesson in national suicide.

VIEWS

The Revolt of the French Masses by Curtis Cate 15
The smoldering fires of immigration.

The Iron Lady Down Under by R.J. Stove 20
The rise of Pauline Hanson.

The Road to Cascadia by Justin Raimondo 24
The future of the Pacific Northwest.

From Greeks to Gringos by William Murchison 27
Why Mexico lost Texas.

Reservation Blues by Gregory McNamee 30
Notes from Indian country.

OPINIONS

The Character of Stonewall Jackson 33
by Chilton Williamson, Jr.
James I. Robertson, Jr.: *Stonewall Jackson: The Man, the Soldier, the Legend.*

The Cause was never lost.

REVIEWS

Collie Owens reports that *Uncertain Glory: Lee's Generalship Re-Examined* by John D. McKenzie has tactical strengths and strategic weaknesses ◆ Philip Jenkins' *Hoods and Saints: The Extreme Right in Pennsylvania, 1925-1950* is well-researched but often wrong, writes **Paul Gottfried** ◆ Wendell Berry finds hope in tragedy in *A World Lost*, says **Allan Carlson** ◆ **Alan Cornett** recommends *Gentility Recalled: "Mere" Manners and the Making of Social Order*, edited by Digby Anderson ◆ Robyn Davidson's *Desert Places* highlights a nomadic culture, writes **Gregory McNamee** ◆ 36

CORRESPONDENCE

Letter From Australia: America Down Under 43
by Roger D. McGrath

Letter From Appalachia: Home, Sweet Home 46
by Loren Mitchell

VITAL SIGNS

POLITICS: Eastern Europe's Suicide Pact 48
by Tomislav Sunic

The Rise of Louis Farrakhan 49
by Michael Washburn

DEPARTMENTS

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES 4

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS 7

PRINCIPALITIES & POWERS 41
Revolution in the Air
by Samuel Francis

POETRY
Multiculturalism 19
by Harold McCurdy

Buffalo Commons 26
and
Nothing Goes to Waste
by Tim Murphy

ON THE COVER

Cover and inside illustrations by Anna Mycek-Wodecki.

JULY 1997/3

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Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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On the Confederate Flag

I would like to respond to Professor Clyde Wilson's editorial (Cultural Revolutions) in your March issue, regarding our efforts toward compromise on the Confederate battle flag that flies above our Statehouse. First and foremost, I respect and share the professor's view that the battle flag of the Confederacy is a cherished emblem for many Southerners of the fierce independence and boundless courage of thousands who gave their blood in battle. As the direct descendant of Confederate soldiers, I will fight to the end to honor their memory and sacrifice. In fact, I have long supported the flag's presence on the dome, with the understanding that I would keep the door open to a reasonable compromise. As governor of this state and all its diverse people, I believe now is the time for such a compromise.

Contrary to the assertions of Mr. Wilson, settling this issue through legislation would do far more to protect the flag than merely protecting the status quo. With the Heritage Act, the flag would be ensured by law a position of prominence directly in front of *and* behind the Capitol. Without the Heritage Act, the flag remains forever vulnerable to the whims of extremists who would like nothing better than to eradicate all memory of its existence. Mr. Wilson rightly states that "there is hardly a monument or street name in the state not imbued with Southern history," and the Heritage Act would permanently protect those public squares bearing the names of our Confederate leaders.

While I have no argument with Mr. Wilson's obvious zeal on this issue, his characterizations of my family life and religious faith were patently offensive and blatantly wrong. It was with great prayer and discussion that I came to such a controversial decision, stemming from the deep conviction that I had a role to play in the healing of our state's divisions. Even as Mr. Wilson again rightly states that this effort has led me to partner with those not of my own party ("betrayal" and "carrying water for opponents" are the words he chooses), I am proud that the path of peaceful compromise has led us to step over the arbitrary boundaries of party and race. Meeting each other halfway in a spirit of reconciliation is truly the nature of compromise.

And working to promote peace and unity is anything but "a relentless pursuit of mediocrity and sameness," nor is it a "step on the road to the New World Order." Rather it is a celebration of all that makes us different, based on the understanding that we are not a homogeneous state, but one of many colors, creeds, and cultures. The one link that should always bind us together is mutual respect.

We in South Carolina are a proud people who will continue to pay tribute to our heritage and all those who made our freedoms possible. But my greater hope is that South Carolina will leave a legacy for our children, not of division and hatred, but one of honor, integrity, and peace that extends to every South Carolinian.

— David M. Beasley
Governor of South Carolina
Columbia, SC

Dr. Wilson Replies:

Governor Beasley's statement does not unconvince me of one of the main points I made in my editorial—the Republican hierarchy always betray their supporters. However, I offer a "compromise" of my own. If the governor will make public the names and dollar amounts of the big business interests who lavishly funded his now failed PR campaign against the flag, I will try to persuade my side to reconsider its position.

The governor and I must live in different states. He finds South Carolina to be a state "of many colors, creeds, and cultures." Last time I looked we mainly had only two colors (black and white), one creed (Christianity), and one culture (Southern). That cant phrase originated with some of the governor's politically organized religious supporters—Promise Keepers-types clustered around "Columbia International University" (née Columbia Bible College)—almost all of whom are recent immigrants to our state. "Many colors, creeds, and cultures" does not describe our present state, just the one they hope for. I think most South Carolinians would agree

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with me in finding both the theology and the social program dubious.

On Reconstructing the South

While there is much to praise in Michael Hill's "The South and the New Reconstruction" (March 1997), there is a streak of unreality and wishfulness in the article which begs attention. For example, what would the Southern League have us do with the masses of Northerners—a/k/a Yankees—who inhabit the region? Or, for another twist, what am I, or anyone from the neo-quasi-secessionist movement, to say to my father and grandfather who are, respectively, veterans of World Wars II and I, who fought for the United States under the Stars and Stripes? Are their wounds and blood less significant than my great-great-grandfathers who fought and suffered for the Gray at Perryville, Shiloh, and Brice's Crossroads? For "identity," do we gamble over three generations of experience, virtue, sacrifice, and accomplishment merely to celebrate an ancient age?

Lastly, Mr. Hill asserts, "Only in the South, and particularly the rural South, is there a sufficiently large population rooted in the old ways to allow for a successful movement against the forces of global reconstruction." I completely agree with Mr. Hill's aversion to "global reconstruction," but, please, let our hopes not reside on the back of Bubba! Truth is, the "rural South" which Mr. Hill champions has been despoiled by the culture wars. For example, here in West Tennessee, within 60 miles of Memphis, a small town of some 5,000 has been beset by all the urban problems: gang violence, escalating teen pregnancies, rape, murder, and the chaos of federalized social experimentation in the ubiquitous public schools. The rural stretches do not have a monopoly on public virtue, especially in light of a Wal-Mart on every corner and a satellite dish in each yard, beaming in the same smut and filth "enjoyed" in San Francisco, Boston, St. Paul, Billings, and Fairbanks.

So, while I concur with Mr. Hill in much of his analysis, I cannot agree with his sunny hopefulness attached to the supposed yeomen of the South. Ours is a blighted region indeed, overflowing with the refuse of the tundra districts and the machinations of Madison Avenue and Hollywood. Given the greed within the American psyche, there is, perhaps, only a shade of difference between a 14- or 50-year-old in Memphis or Bucksnort and his counterpart in, say, Albany, Portland, or Rockford.

—Terrence Neal Brown
Memphis, TN

Dr. Hill Replies:

Mr. Brown raises some valid points. In regard to what is to be done with the hordes of Yankees who have come South, I suggest we either educate them and make them into good Southerners or deprive them of air conditioning and force them northward again.

On the second point, my father and father-in-law were veterans of the Korean conflict and World War II, respectively, and both came to realize toward the end of their lives that the country for which they fought had forsaken them and their kith and kin. Both abhorred the fact that they had risked their lives so that the Democrats and Republicans could sell out America's national sovereignty to the internationalists. They often told me stories of the myriad Confederate flags taken into battle by Southern-dominated units in both wars. (Can you imagine that in today's Armed Services?)

No one doubts or questions the sacrifices made by millions of our fathers and grandfathers. Many patriotic Southern men (whose numbers in the United States military were far out of proportion to the Southern population as a whole) braved enemy bullets in the belief that they would return from war having proven themselves "good Americans," and thus would be afforded the nation's respect. This was not to be the case, however. Less than a decade after World War II ended, the same government that had sent them to war then began the ongoing assault on the symbols and history of the South. Many of those old fellows remember it as the Second Reconstruction (i.e., the "civil rights movement"). Simply put, Southerners were duped by an unscrupulous government which understood and exploited their urge to fight for hearth and home, and this was how the wars of the 20th century were sold to them. Of course, it was all a lie. They fought instead for the furtherance of an American Empire that their Confederate ancestors had fought against.

I agree with Mr. Brown that the scourge of modernism has reached even the most unreconstructed Bubbas all over the South. My own hometown of 3,000 people in northwest Alabama suffers from ills unimagined just a quarter century ago. I do not, therefore, labor under the illusion that it will be easy to rouse even rural, Bible-believing Southerners from their lethargy. However, there are still legions of folks south of the Mason-Dixon line who have but a thin veneer of modernity to be scraped away before revealing the real man or woman underneath. The task of the Southern League is to rally these good folks and give them an alternative to the present dilemma. No, it will not be easy, but it is our duty and we shall do it—win, lose, or draw.

On Transnationalism

In Bill Kauffman's sermon "World Citizens on Main Street" (March 1997), he decries the purchase of a local Batavia, New York, tractor factory by a German firm as an example of foreign "Teutonic overlords . . . tied to Batavia only by the flimsy cord of the almighty dollar." Using such epithets as "executioners" and "the Germans goosestepped out of town," he attempts to build a case against "internationalization—the imposition of alien practices and cultural forms on native populations," admittedly a deplorable trend. Mr. Kauffman then describes the "puckish humor and gentle mercy" of the new owners of the factory who "one week before Christmas . . . without repercussion" fire all salaried employees "within a few years of a full pension," and then a couple years later "goosestep out of town, leaving an empty factory and devastated lives in their wake." Mr. Kauffman has fallen prey to post hoc reasoning, not to mention a bit of race baiting.

First, what would Mr. Kauffman say if the new owners had been Californians of German ancestry (or Iowans of Swedish ancestry or Arizonans of Italian ancestry) but had done the same thing? Would he conclude that if an American had purchased the firm the latter would have been able to keep everyone on the payroll up to full pension and make the factory profitable? Second, it takes two parties to consummate a business sale. Didn't

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the family that had once owned the factory sell it when the "salaried employees . . . were within a few years of a full pension"? Why are they totally blameless in Mr. Kauffman's moralistic framework? Is it merely because they were not "tied to Batavia only by the flimsy cord of the almighty dollar"? Perhaps only long-standing residents of Batavia should be allowed to buy Batavian businesses. Perhaps only a Batavian could have saved the factory.

Through a system of profit and loss, the market economy decides which firms survive by rewarding those firms who respond to customer wants and penalizing those who do not. If the factory was profitable someone could and would have stepped forward to rebuild it. Its demise had nothing to do with German owners, and to try to rectify the situation by restricting ownership would do nothing to save the locality from "internationalization."

Instead, if we are to stop the despicable trend of "internationalization" and "new world orderism," we must insist that our representatives and judges honor the Constitution rather than trash it. We must insist on extricating the United States from the United Nations, a body which seeks to destroy our Constitution and our local way of life.

—Dan Winterrowd
Pilot Hill, CA

On Rock 'n' Roll

As one who was embarrassingly raised in the moral fog of a rock-and-roll culture, I enjoyed reminiscing over the Kinks' lyrics while reading Jesse Walker's article, "The Muswell Hillbilly" (March 1997). Unfortunately, Ray Davies has not been as consistently reactionary as Mr. Walker implies. For an example of the "irrational exuberance" in the Kinks' music, I offer the following lines from their 1981 hit, "Better Things":

> I know you got a lot of good things
> happening up ahead
> The past is gone, it's all been said
> Here's to what the future brings
> I know tomorrow you'll find better
> things.

Quite naturally, such optimistic verse reminds me why I no longer listen to the music of my youth: blind drivel was suitable for a naive teenager, but eventually we must open our eyes to the bitter reality that the future might not bring better things. In other words, I grew up.

—Brett M. Decker
Alexandria, VA

Jesse Walker Replies:

Yeah, but you gotta admit, it's a catchy tune. On a more serious note, I realize that Mr. Decker's tongue is probably grazing his cheek, but for the benefit of other readers, I'll point out that "Better Things" is the final cut on *Give the People What They Want* (1981), an album filled with songs about people whose lives are far from happy. The readers of *Chronicles* may thus rest assured that Davies is not guilty of a giddy, immature optimism—or of an adolescent bleakness that would prevent him from recognizing any cause for hope.

On the Federal Police State

Samuel Francis's article entitled "Something Like Waco: The New Federal Police State" (February 1997) brought to mind an incident that occurred in my neighborhood in November 1994.

A house across the street was raided by the INS and DEA in the early morning hours. They broke in with such force that they knocked in the heavy front door. The attack caused the husband to have a heart attack, and the wife, also ailing, was denied access for some hours to her essential medication. The son, a boy who is not well, developed a severe trauma as a result of the attack. The DEA apparently tried to cover for itself by implying to my next-door neighbor that its agents had found illegal narcotics. The upshot? They had the wrong address. No apologies followed. I understand that the family sued the government (more money from the taxpayers), although I do not know the final disposition of the case.

This assault by government goons on innocent people as well as the numerous cases that Mr. Francis cites cry out for some kind of clearinghouse for collecting a database on government transgressions. With the "information highway" now available, such a database should be easy to establish and maintain and could be invaluable in publicizing, as well as defending against, these federal assaults.

—Robert C. Whitten
Cupertino, CA

On Gabriel Garcia Moreno

William Mills was right about so much in his account of Ecuador ("Down Ecuador Way," Part I and II, December 1996 and January 1997) that it is unfortunate that his only reference to Gabriel Garcia Moreno was a passing one having to do with this "ruler of the country during part of the 19th century" guillotining his "enemies." The reference reduced Garcia Moreno (1821-1875) to the stature of a tin-horn tyrant.

In truth, there was ample reason for the late Hamish Fraser to hail him as "the greatest [Catholic] statesman we have had since the Reformation." It was also to Garcia Moreno that Pope Pius IX referred when he said, "If every ruler spent a half-hour each day in meditation, the face of the world would be transformed." Well, Moreno, spent *more* than a half-hour in prayer and meditation. Mass, the Rosary, and devotions were all part of his daily routine. It was after a visit with Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament that Masonic assassins killed him on the porch of the cathedral in Quito. His last words: "You cannot kill God."

A warrior and educator (he spent time as rector of the National University) as well as a statesman, always opposed to the corrupt and un-Christian oligarchy whose misrule he replaced, "recognized by the masses [in the words of the old *Catholic Encyclopedia*, 1913] as a leader loyal to both their common Faith and their common country," it is true that after sparing the lives of several leaders of a seditious movement, "though they had by all law and custom incurred the penalty of death, he was severely criticized for ordering the execution of another such when it had become evident that an example was necessary for the peace of the republic." That execution, however, scarcely made Garcia Moreno a bloody despot accustomed to "guillotining his enemies" routinely. Nor did it prevent Pius IX from erecting in Rome a monument to the memory of the great man.

—Gary Potter
Washington, D.C.

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JACKIE, TIGER, AND ELLEN—not as catchy as Martin, Bartin, and Fish, or Abraham, Martin, and John, but good enough to mesmerize the press this spring. In one respect, the mainstream media were right: Jackie Robinson *was* a courageous man; Tiger Woods *is* an extraordinary golfer; and Ellen DeGenerate—well, two out of three ain't bad.

But here's the "rest of the story." The national love-fest that celebrated Woods' victory at the Masters and the 50th anniversary of Robinson's breaking of the color barrier in professional baseball was principally a white thing, and a neoconservative white media thing at that. In fact, hard-core liberals, regardless of race, showed little interest in the hoopla. Carl Rowan dismissed the celebrations as much ado about nothing, saying "healing the racial divide" will "require more of all of us than just a weekend celebration of one marvelous kid's exploits on a golf course in Georgia." The "postliberal" John Hoberman, in his recently published *Darwin's Athletes: How Sport Has Damaged Black America and Preserved the Myth of Race*, said that the "almost millennial significance" accorded Robinson's achievement has meant "a great deal of sentimentalism and a willed evasion of issues that are more complicated than the ideal of integration."

An exception on the left was Roger Wilkins' lead editorial in the April 21 issue of the *Nation*. Wilkins gushed that not just Jackie Robinson, but even Jackie's wife had "changed our culture." It's "no coincidence," he said, "that the Supreme Court ordered the schools desegregated seven years after Jackie *and Rachel* went to the Dodgers." And we've been blaming Earl Warren all these years.

Conspicuously absent from these love-fests were professional athletes, especially black sports stars. When a reporter asked star first baseman Frank Thomas of the Chicago White Sox what Jackie Robinson meant to him, Thomas replied, in effect, "Jackie who?" (Thomas blamed his ignorance on the failure of the public schools to teach enough black history.) When President Clinton invited Tiger Woods to join him at Shea Stadium for the anniversary party in honor of Robinson, Tiger declined: he had a restaurant to open in Myrtle Beach. And far from carrying on about Woods' status as the first "Cablinasian" (Tiger's word for Caucasian-black-Indian-Asian; he hates being called "black") to win the Masters, veteran golfer Fuzzy Zoeller wondered whether the victory by "that little boy" meant that collard greens and fried chicken would be served at the tournament next year, a "racially charged comment" that cost Zoeller his multimillion dollar endorsement contract with Kmart. (Zoeller, by the way, *should* have been fired, not for insensitivity, but for assuming that Woods could appreciate Southern cooking.)

As for the neoconservatives' take on Tiger Woods, their commentary mirrored that of sportswriter Rick Reilly, who said, "[Woods] is not the Pope. He's more like a god." Their hagiography was so overblown that it was clearly part of their campaign to co-opt as many minority heroes as possible. The problem, however, is that the facts about the lives of their newly anointed conservatives (whether Martin Luther King, Colin Powell, or Tiger Woods) keep getting in their way. For example, Charles Krauthammer's description of Woods in his nationally syndicated column on April 21 had little resemblance to the Tiger Woods interviewed in the April issue of *Gentlemen's Quarterly*:

> *Krauthammer*: "[Woods] combines great athleticism with . . . poise and manners and simple soft-spoken politeness," a rarity in "this age of the . . . trash-talking, in-your-face sports star."
>
> *Woods*: "If I say I'm there [for a photoshoot] for an hour, I'm there, on time, for an hour. If they ask for more, I say, 'Hell, f--k no.' And I'm out of there."
>
> *Krauthammer*: "Woods is more than just good . . . he has not just the old-fashioned virtues of respect . . . he is a paragon and a rarity: a gentleman athlete."
>
> *Woods*: "I get f--king p--sed when I've got a [computer] station and no games to play on it."

Woods, the "gentleman athlete," the Lord Chesterfield of the links, then tells a room full of female staffers at GQ a series of X-rated jokes too raunchy to requote.

The *Washington Times* quickly justified the embarrassing GQ interview with a "So's your old man" rejoinder: "If disappointing columnists and making tasteless remarks were crimes, most of Washington would be wearing orange jump suits." Other conservatives also rallied to Tiger's defense. Thomas Sowell defended Woods' no-show at the Robinson celebration by arguing that the young man didn't want to be racially pigeonholed. Yet, if this is true, why was Woods' first television commercial a prime-time whine about the courses he couldn't play because of the color of his skin?

But the most telling commentary about Woods came from golf writer Ed Sherman of the *Chicago Tribune*, who said Tiger is "the pied piper of golf, luring kids of all backgrounds, especially inner-city kids, into a game where opportunity . . . has been limited." If I remember correctly, the Pied Piper lured the children of Hamelin down a black hole in a mountain, where they were never seen again. Considering the success of such "hoop dreams" in the black community, Mr. Sherman's analogy is all too apt.

—*Theodore Pappas*

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY has spent the last four years gloating and giggling over the Clinton scandals—draft evasion, Whitewater, Travelgate, Vince Foster, the Rose law firm, Waco, Ron Brown, Henry Cisneros, Hillary, the illegal naturalization of aliens, the Lincoln Bedroom, legally and ethically dubious campaign contributions both foreign and domestic, and (gasp, wheeze), any number of grotesque sexual rendezvous in which Mr. Clinton may or may not have involved himself. Nevertheless, as we have come to expect from the Stupid Party, the Republicans have blown it.

Not only has all the GOP's scandal-mongering distracted many conservatives and the party itself from more substantive criticisms of the Clinton ad-

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ministration and more serious debate of major issues of national policy, but the Republicans failed even to make good political use of the myriad moral flaws they uncovered. The Clinton scandals barely rippled the stagnant surfaces of last year's presidential campaign, and incredibly the Dole-Kemp ticket bubbled beneath the political waves while the ship of the Clintonian state sailed proudly on.

One of the main reasons the Republicans muffed the scandal issue is that the party has handled them in ways that are transparently political and utterly void of any pretense of moral seriousness. Mr. Clinton, his wife, and the gang of desperadoes with whom he has surrounded himself and his administration have served mainly as the butts of conservative and Republican gloating. Only seldom has a conservative or party spokesman expressed anything approximating authentic moral outrage. Mr. Clinton and his camorra may have been useful for the conservative bumper-sticker industry and televised soundbites for Republican congressmen, but never have the Republicans or the several conservative pundits who have ranted about the Clinton wickednesses managed to cloak themselves in the moralistic pomposity of a Sam Ervin or a Frank Church in an earlier era of scandal-hunting.

Yet there may be rather darker reasons for Republican ineptitude in making the ethical and perhaps legal failings of the Clintonians an effective political issue. That reason is that the Republicans themselves do not have hands that are particularly clean.

Thus, Representative Dan Burton of Indiana, chairman of the House Government Reform Committee, which is examining allegations of improper campaign fundraising, turns out to have been a bit of a high-roller himself when it came to rolling in the campaign clover. In April, it was revealed that Mr. Burton is the proud consumer of considerably more campaign cabbage from foreign donors than from those of his own Hoosier State.

Donors from Indiana fetched up only a lousy $42,490 for the grand purpose of reelecting Mr. Burton, but their zeal for him was dimmed by the generosity of the congressman's foreign constituents. The boys from South of the Border—the Indiana border, at least—gave him $67,550; that sum came from Florida, or, more precisely, from the pockets of Cuban and Nicaraguan exiles who now inhabit the Sunshine State. Mr. Burton also fished up $14,000 from Puerto Rico, not to mention what press reports say is "thousands more" from Sikh-Americans and Pakistani-Americans. All told, 84 percent of his large individual donations came from outside his state. Mr. Burton, as it turns out, is an assiduous foe of Fidel Castro and was a strong supporter of the Nicaraguan Contras of yore. Nothing wrong with that, but now that we know where his campaign funds came from, it does raise the chicken-and-egg problem: Which came first, Mr. Burton's commitment to Latin American anticommunist causes, or campaign funds from Latin American anticommunist causes?

A federal grand jury has been scrutinizing Mr. Burton, but he's not the only Republican who needs it. House Speaker Newt Gingrich, now reduced to a political cipher, has also managed to keep the quality of his character in the eye of public controversy. Not only did the House for which he speaks conclude he had committed ethical lapses and fine him the tidy sum of $300,000, but Mr. Gingrich, after some months of hemming and haggling, contrived to pay it by getting a loan from good ol' Bob Dole himself. This loan is supposedly so arranged that all legal and financial niceties (including appropriate interest payments) will be observed, but the deal is just a bit too cute. Why, if Mr. Gingrich really needs a loan, can't he just go to a bank or some other professional commercial lender? Mr. Dole himself, whose pathetic television ads for VISA have managed to make him an even bigger ass since losing the election than he was when he lost it, is now a member of a major Washington law and lobbying firm. Does the money he's lending Mr. Gingrich come from his new firm's clients, and if so, will those clients someday call on Mr. Dole or Mr. Gingrich?

"Some day, and that day may never come, I will call upon you to do me a service in return," says Mario Puzo's Don Vito Corleone to Amerigo Bonasera, the hapless undertaker whose burning thirst for vengeance on his daughter's attackers at last pulls him into the Godfather's web of crime after a lifetime of resisting it. The Godfather knew how the world works, that no one—even he—ever gets something for nothing. After four years of ridiculing and ranting about Mr. Clinton for the ethical vacuum in his heart, the Republicans still have got nothing from it, but the jury, grand or not, is still out on what they will have to give in return on the day the new godfathers they've chosen to serve call in their favors.

—*Samuel Francis*

THE ROCKFORD SCHOOLS case continues, but for the first time since the "People Who Care" lawsuit was filed in 1989, there are signs of hope. As chronicled by Tom Fleming in these pages in February ("Here Come the Judge"), the Rockford public schools have been under federal control for the past three years, the result of a discrimination lawsuit that a mercenary Chicago lawyer has transformed into a class-action desegregation suit. So far, $100 million has been spent on "remedies," with another $125 million (that we know about) yet to come.

On February 17, over 700 people gathered at the Rockford Women's Club to hear Tom Fleming and Rockford Congressman Don Manzullo urge them to unite and retake control of their city from the feds. According to local columnist Chuck Sweeny, the forum—"Let My People Go!"—was one of the largest political events in Rockford's history. (Rockford's *only* protest against the Vietnam War, in contrast, garnered only 400 citizens.)

Congressman Manzullo began the event by explaining the legislation he has introduced to restrict the taxing authority of federal judges (explained in detail in his February article for *Chronicles*, "Judicial Taxation Without Representation"). Some members of the audience took a more radical approach and criticized his bill as "enabling legislation," arguing that the Constitution does not give federal judges the authority to levy taxes under *any* circumstances.

While commending Congressman Manzullo for his legislative efforts, Dr. Fleming made it clear that the answers to Rockford's problems can only be forged in Rockford. Our current situation, he argued, is an extension of the school consolidation that has occurred throughout this century. From one-room schoolhouses to city-wide districts to state and now federal control—the process has increasingly placed citizens at the control of educational "masters" like the one appointed to "oversee" the destruction—pardon me, desegregation—of Rockford's schools. To thun-

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derous applause, Fleming proclaimed, "Free people don't have masters, and what the judge and his lackey . . . mean is that we are all—black and white, East Side and West Side and all around the town—slaves on a plantation owned by the federal courts. And if we sit around taking their orders, without offering any resistance, then we deserve to be slaves." He called on the citizens of Rockford to "develop the kind of solidarity that the people of Poland had when the students and workers, Catholics and Jews and nonbelievers, all banded together to regain control over their own country."

While the forum was not a political event, it had a significant impact on the Rockford mayoral race. The Republican candidate, Tim Simms, made the schools a major point in his campaign, and although he lost, the election was the closest in a generation. The Democratic incumbent, Charles Box, a consistent supporter of the federal magistrate, was reelected by 1,900 votes. The deciding factors in the election were Swedish racial guilt (Box is black), a well-oiled Democratic machine, and Republican overconfidence in Simms' ability to ride the wave of public discontent over the schools, high taxes, and corrupt public works contractors. But Mayor Box also received aid and comfort from the local Gannett paper (LGP), which not only distorted every significant political issue, but even provided one of the most sycophantic endorsements in American history—a full half-page, complete with a huge picture of the mayor.

During the month leading up to the election on April 1, Rockford was a far better place to live—at least, that's what the LGP told us. News about crime, potholes, and the schools—indeed, even the mayor's race—took a backseat to a propaganda campaign aimed at convincing Rockfordians that our city exhibits "a different kind of greatness"—which explains why Rockford was ranked dead last in *Money* magazine's 1996 survey of the best 300 cities to live in. The day before the election, the front-page headline assured Rockfordians that "Newcomers Agree—Rockford's Just Fine." And to top things off, the LGP's editorial page—which proudly displays the text of the First Amendment—kept mum when a local radio talk show host, just hours after endorsing Simms, was harassed by a police tactical unit at the same time that a Democratic alderman across town was trying unsuccessfully to get a police tactical unit to shut down a crack house in his ward.

The mayoral loss, however, was followed by an important victory. After years of being told that it was time to "belly up and pay," and that anything a federal magistrate says is "the law of the land," the citizens of Rockford were vindicated by the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals in April. On point after point, the second highest court in the land overruled Magistrate Michael Mahoney. Unfortunately, three of the most important elements of his "remedial order" were never appealed: the construction of three new schools, the funding for those schools, and the "controlled choice" plan (the current euphemism for forced busing). In an aside, the Court of Appeals indicated that it might have overruled those decisions too, if it had been given the chance.

Come September, thousands of children will be bused across the city—up to an hour and a half *each way*—to achieve "racial balance." The students will return to school, but Rockford won't return to the sleepy little town that it once was. The resistance is mobilizing, and the battle has just begun.

—*Scott P. Richert*

EPICYCLES:

• The Janet Cooke of the Right: **Jon Westling**, the president of Boston University who declared in these pages that Martin Luther King, Jr.'s B.U. dissertation contained not a single plagiarized passage, has once again embarrassed himself. Westling has long crusaded against granting social services to "special needs" students, such as those suffering from dyslexia and attention deficit disorder. To show how absurd the demands of the learning disabled have become, Westling has frequently highlighted the case of "Somnolent Samantha," a student who demanded extra help from the university because she suffered an inability to stay awake in class. Well, under cross-examination in April as part of a lawsuit from students legitimately suffering from such illnesses, Westling admitted that he has been lying all along: "Somnolent Samantha" doesn't exist. "What I was doing here was creating a persona," he explained, "a fictional persona who allowed me a way into the broader subject that I wanted to cover." In the wake of Westling's bungling of the King plagiarism scandal, James Warren of the *Chicago Tribune* awarded a dunce cap to the university president. The cap still fits.

• Strange Times, Strange Measures: In building their case against Oklahoma City bombing suspect **Timothy McVeigh**, prosecutors argued that "violent, anti-government writings" had been found in McVeigh's car, including quotations from (gasp!) Samuel Adams and John Locke. As the *New York Times* reported, "Another clipping in the car was a quote from Samuel Adams, the Revolutionary War figure reviled by the British as a terrorist." At this rate, by the time the trial is over, the American government will have petitioned the Queen to be reunited with Great Britain.

• States' Rights: Last November, by a vote of almost two to one, the citizens of **Arizona** passed a ballot initiative allowing doctors to prescribe marijuana, heroin, and a handful of other drugs that are outlawed at the federal level. The campaign was largely funded by New York billionaire George Soros and other advocates of drug legalization. Perhaps alone among the states, Arizona has a peculiar constitutional clause allowing its governor to veto an initiative, and Governor Fife Symington initially threatened to do so. But instead the legislature passed, and Symington signed into law, a bill which requires that any drug dispensed as medicine in Arizona be approved by the federal Food and Drug Administration. One doesn't have to favor drug legalization to lament Arizona's action. Most attacks on states' rights come from Washington. Arizonans seem perfectly happy to enslave themselves.

OBITER DICTA: North Dakota poet **Tim Murphy** has contributed two new poems to this issue. A large collection of Mr. Murphy's verse, with a critical preface by Ingersoll Prize recipient Richard Wilbur, will be published next year by Story Line Press. The other poet this month is Harold McCurdy, the author of seven volumes of verse and the forthcoming collection *Realizing Westward*.

Chronicles is illustrated this month by **Anna Mycek-Wodecki**, the art director of *Chronicles*. Her work has appeared in exhibitions in Warsaw, Paris, Wallsee, Austria, and New York City.

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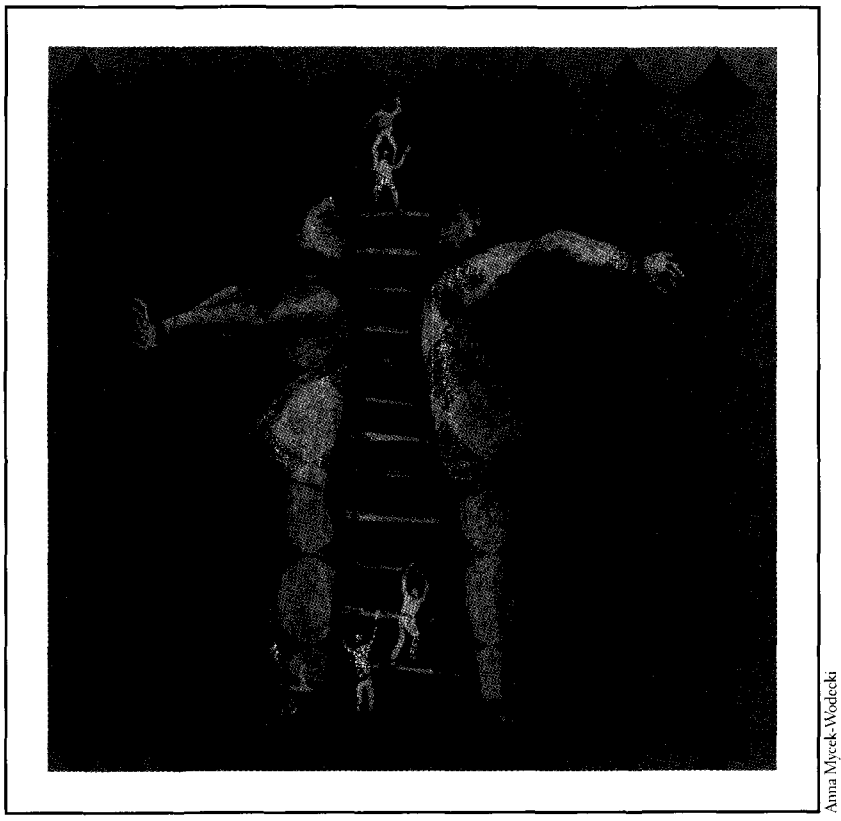

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Birth of a Nation

by Thomas Fleming

Most of us in the United States are hyphenated Americans: Hispanic-Americans, Jewish-Americans, Irish-Americans. Even WASPs have taken refuge in the term "Anglo-American," as if the British stock did not define the American identity. At this point in our history, we have trouble even imagining a people that takes its nationality neat without the addition of hyphens to cool down the fires of patriotism. A few years ago, American political commentators were deriding the hyphen war in Czechoslovakia, but if the fate of a kingdom can be determined by a horseshoe nail, the fate of a multiethnic republic can turn on a punctuation mark. The Slovaks wanted a hyphen as proof of their autonomy; the Czechs, who wished to rule over a unitary state, did not, and it was not long before Czechs and Slovaks were setting up border posts and restitching the insignias on the uniforms of the military police that prowl the streets of Prague and Bratislava.

It is no small thing to bring forth a new nation, whether conceived in liberty or by legitimate means. From one little detail you can project the bigger picture: the new republics have established separate currencies, but both are called the korona, and both are worth about three cents; if the countries remerged, they would presumably pay their bills in korona-koronas (or an equivalent number of cigar bands).

My knowledge of Czechs and Slovaks had been limited to the writings of Karel Čapek (Kafka was not a Czech writer, no matter what Prague's city fathers would have you believe), the music of Smetana, Dvořák, and Janáček, and a glass or two of Pilsner beer (also German). I might have heard a Moravian-American hymn or eaten a Slovakian goulash, but these earthly and spiritual delights had left no lasting impression.

I knew vaguely, of course, that the country established by Thomas Masaryk, with the collusion of his friend Woodrow Wilson, included Czechs, Moravians, and Slovaks, but what little differences of language and custom divided these peoples were as opaque to me as to Neville Chamberlain, who refused to go to war over Hitler's annexation of the Sudetenland, which he dismissed as "a quarrel in a far-away country between people of whom we know nothing." Anticipating a trip to Prague in March, I asked a visiting Czech intellectual about the Slovaks, whom he put down as an uninteresting race of indolent and alcoholic peasants, hardly distinguishable from the Czech lower classes. Since the visitor was Catholic, I asked if it were true that Slovaks were more religious than Czechs. "Oh, well, maybe they go to church more often, but that does not prove that they are more religious." But, surely, that is exactly what it does prove, I thought. Religion is not, primarily, a matter of

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faith; religion is a bond, the fulfillment of an obligation. For all I knew, Slovaks might be less spiritual, less moral than the more casually observant Czechs, but the willingness to get up on Sunday morning must count for something.

I happened to be in Prague on Palm Sunday, and I asked the clerk in my lovely hotel (U Pava in Mala Strana), where I could attend services at 9:00 or later. Wearily dragging out a book, she discovered that I could go to a Franciscan church on the other side of the Charles Bridge, right behind the statue of the Emperor Charles. The church was crowded with almost as many tourists as worshipers. Most of the locals were old women, who were as slow to stand or kneel as they were quick to sit.

Afterwards I made my way to the Tyn church, hoping to get a look inside, and came upon the conclusion of a service and procession that had started elsewhere. The Cardinal Archbishop was presiding in all his considerable glory. I had seen the Cardinal a few nights before, when I attended a special vigil in the cathedral up within the Hrad. It was my first night in Prague, and as I watched the nuns rehearsing their music, I became convinced that my jetlag was causing hallucinations. These were very strange sisters, dressed in crudely archaic habits that were cut in an avant-garde mode. Each one might have been a beauty queen, with an alluring smile and a way of moving less reminiscent of the cloister than of the burlesque theater. It dawned on me that the nuns and monks were performers paid to put on a show, something like the Italian pop group I had seen doing their hit "Giuglio" (a testimonial to the Christian Democrat Andreotti) dressed in clerical habits. But that bit of amusing blasphemy was staged at a rock concert at the Roman arena in Verona. This was in a cathedral and in the presence of the Archbishop at a ceremony honoring a conference on family values.

That, I suppose, is the problem with values. If they don't fit, they can always be exchanged. As I walked all over Prague that Palm Sunday, the material me was glad all the shops were open, and I could spend the day buying *darky* (i.e., gifts; the free-enterprising Czechs have not yet reopened the slave trade). In the afternoon we stopped in to look at St. James Church, and I was surprised to find it full, until I realized that the crowd was made up of German tourists waiting for a free Dvořák organ recital.

Walking back through the Staro Město square, we found a mob of Czechs (infiltrated by snake-dancing tourists in funny hats), all listening to a group of middle-aged women playing old rock-and-roll and country songs, like "Lonesome Me," "Jambalaya," even "Ghost Riders in the Sky." My favorite was a Czech rendition of "Blowing in the Wind." The musicians played better than most Americans—the fiddle player was a classically trained violinist—but as I listened to the Peter, Paul, and Mary harmonies floating over the 70's rock backup, all I could think of was Bob Dylan's inane lyric: "How many deaths will it take till they know that too many people have died?" If it were not for the military-industrial complex, apparently, we would all live forever. I could not help thinking that these people almost deserve to become Americans, which is already what many of them are pretending to be.

The next morning I took one last look at Prague from my fourth (actually fifth) floor window. Across the Vltava churches and theaters rose up in the early sunlight like an engraving in a fairy-book. More than any city I have ever seen, Prague is Europe, East and West, a strangely harmonious hodgepodge of architecture that seemed designed to refute Descartes' contention that cities would be more beautiful if they were designed by one man. Too bad, I remarked to a xenophobic American friend, that it is so full of tourists. "Too bad," he replied, "it's so full of Czechies."

I would not wish to be unkind to the Czechs, whose virtues I admire. They are a hardworking, serious, and cultivated people, but many visitors I spoke with found them sly and sullen. An older friend observed to me that in five days he never met a Czech who looked him in the eye. Compared with their neighbors—Poles and Slovaks—Czechs strike outsiders as more intellectual but less emotional and less religious—more like Yankees and Englishmen, if that is not an insult to the Czechs.

My xenophobic friend gave a lecture arguing that America should never have involved itself in foreign wars. Some of the Czechs were outraged: What I want to know, asked one of them, is would my country be free if America had not stood up to the Russians for nearly 50 years? The obvious answer is that it is not our business to make them free. It never was. The Czechs lost their liberty in the 1620's, when they started a rebellion against the Holy Roman Empire and then gave up the struggle and opened the gates of Prague to the imperial forces. At Bela Hora, the battle that sealed their doom, the Bohemian army consisted largely of Germans, while the imperial soldiers were from Italy, Burgundy, and the Netherlands. Perhaps the greatest winner of the ill-starred bid for Bohemian independence was the shirttail Bohemian nobleman and Lutheran turncoat who became the greatest Catholic general of the Thirty Years War and built an enormous pleasure palace in Prague. Wallenstein's gardens are now, appropriately, home to the Czech ministry of culture, whose first order of business should be to decide what Czech culture is. The answer today would seem to be that Prague, at least, can be celebrated as the home of a German novelist and the backdrop for *Mission Impossible*.

In fact, the Czechs had begun to lose their identity even earlier, when Bohemian Kings invited in large numbers of Germans, who gradually established themselves in a superior position. The Czechs' great king, the Emperor Charles IV, is commemorated all over Prague, but it was Charles who did the most to promote the suicidal folly of a multiethnic state. As the Germans inevitably achieved economic and political dominance within the German Empire, the Czechs learned to despise their Slavic cousins and to regard themselves as the German Slavs.

Why did the Czechs commit national suicide? One reason was that the Christian kings wanted allies against pagan Slavs, including members of their own families. But even then, the Germans were more industrious and ingenious than the Slavs, and they created the industry and technology that made Bohemia wealthy. One can imagine Charles IV using the same arguments employed today by Chambers of Commerce all over America when they lure foreign industries from Germany and Japan, from business leaders calling for an end to immigration restrictions. A country that cannot survive without the annual invasion of Chinese engineering students and Indian physicians probably does not deserve to survive.

After World War I, Czechs achieved the goal of an independent nation but roped in the Slovaks more or less unwillingly. Hitler detached them from the country and then allowed them to have a puppet state, but there was real resistance against the Germans. We encouraged them to rise up, and did nothing (just as we did in Hungary and then in Czechoslovakia in '68). After World War II, the Czechs gave the Germans a taste of

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their own medicine, by expelling German farm families from the Sudetenland, where they had lived for centuries. When my wife made the mistake of asking a German visitor, whose family turned out to have been among the victims, whether or not he had ever been to Prague, he replied, "Only when I will be riding on top of a tank."

After the Soviet takeover in the late 1940's, Czecho-Slovak nationalism was directed against the Russians, but the end of the Cold War changed the picture entirely. The U.S. State Department was looking for a weak puppet who could appear to rule Czechoslovakia and hit upon an absurdist playwright, Václav Havel, a man of no political experience and whose literary reputation was limited to intellectual circles in Prague. By spending millions on a p.r. campaign, the United States was able to turn Havel's little group of intellectual poseurs into heroic symbols of resistance, even in Prague, where people should have known better.

What neither we nor the Czechs banked on was Havel's incompetence. No other Czech leader would have allowed the Slovaks to secede peaceably without, at least, a legitimate referendum, and it is surprising that the United States allowed it to happen. Perhaps, and this seems to be true in the case of Italy, whose regime we have allowed to collapse, we simply no longer cared.

The Slovaks are so different from the Czechs, I find it hard to believe that they could ever have tried to make a nation together. Their languages are similar—though perhaps not so close as Serbian and Croatian—and they share many of the same customs, but they had not lived in the same state together since the fall of the Moravian Empire in the tenth century. Since that time, the ethnic twins were adopted out to different imperial nations, and although they preserved the evidence of their origins, their new masters pulled them in different directions.

If the history of Bohemia is dominated by Germans and Austrians, Slovaks had to put up with Hungarians and Russians. In Bratislava I spent several hours in the old Town Hall, which

DON'T LEAVE HOME WITH IT

I was in Kraków to meet with the editors of *Arcana*, a superb new journal of politics and literature, and as I was saying good-bye to the editor, Andrzej Nowak, he gave me a final warning; "Be careful. A friend of mine was recently robbed by Russians on a train."

These words were on my mind the next morning as I boarded the train to Košice. Dragging my heavy suitcase and gripping my briefcase, I found myself being pushed back by several men shouting and waving their arms as if they were in a hurry to get off. It was not until two of them came at me from the other direction that I realized that I was being mugged, however surreptitiously. I felt the cold spot where my wallet had been, but the thugs (who were, it now occurred to me, speaking Russian) held me pinned to the wall. When the group (perhaps as many as seven of them) split in opposite directions, I shouted "thief" and started to run after one of them. An older Pole put his hand on my arm and—making the shape of a pistol with his hand—motioned me not to do it. Whatever he said, I interpreted it as, "It's only money."

Not just money but credit cards, which I had not—as I had promised myself—divided up between wallet, briefcase, and suitcase. But, as I explained to my daughter, at least we still had our passports, plane tickets, and nearly $600 that we had stashed away in various places. Even so, it was a long and dreary ride to Košice, enlivened only by the gang of Romanian gypsies who prowled up and down the corridor looking into each compartment to see what they might snatch. About 30 minutes before Košice, one of them opened the door and stood blocking the way, asking—in what I took to be Romanian—for a razor. I told him in pidgin Slovak that I didn't understand—"*Nie rozumiem.*" He switched to pidgin Slavic of some variety and asked again, and this time I answered—pointing to my beard—"*Nemam nishta*" ("I've got nothing"), which was not strictly true. After carefully noting all our possessions, he finally consented to leave. As the train pulled into the station, we started dragging our bags into the corridor. Predictably, the whole gang of them suddenly appeared to block the way we were headed. I told my daughter to go the other way, and I quickly followed her, leaving the gypsies staring open-mouthed like dogs staring at the squirrel that ran up the tree. "You see," I asked my daughter, "why the Russians built an Empire and the gypsies live in housing projects? The Russians blocked *both* exits."

I was angry about the robbery but not too worried. After all, I had two American Express cards, and although I am (thank God) no Jerry Seinfeld, I was confident that it would be at most two days before I had the plastic passport to freedom. After checking into the Hotel Slovan (Brezhnev-era charm combined with Vegas good taste), I called home and eventually found out the American Express number to call.

I had no telephone cards, of course, and getting an operator to make a collect call proved to be well beyond my competence, so I dialed the number, only to be put through a series of recordings thanking me for my patience. At last I reached a clerk in card replacement who asked me how to spell Košice and Slovakia for which she had no entries. (Apparently, no one has told AMEX about the breakup.) Listening to my explanation, she told me I had to go to Prague, which was eight hours away by train, but then she assured me that it would be "no problem" since I could pick up a temporary card at Tatratour in Bratislava on Friday. I asked her if the office would be open this Friday—it's Good Friday for some of us—and she said again, no problem and, no, there would be no point in calling ahead.

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is now a museum of local history going back to Celtic times. The museum guides were very kind, but when they discovered the limits of my Slovakian, they left me to wander, until an older man tricked me into revealing that I understood his German. I am glad he did, because as he took me through the rooms devoted to Austro-Hungarian Pressburg, he gave me an insight into the Slovak national experience.

I had read, of course, of the Hungarian attempt to suppress the Slovak identity by a program of forced Magyarization more severe than that inflicted upon Croatia, but as he showed me the relics of the few scholars and writers who kept the flame alive (the only one known at all in the West is L'udovit Stur), I realized how different the Czech and Slovak experiences had been. The Austrians were never the freedom-loving federalists that their modern apologists have described—their military and police forces apparently learned a thing or two about torture and oppression from the Turks—but they were also comparatively indifferent to the survival of the "barbarian" cultures within their realm, preferring to rely more on the attractive properties of their superior civilization. The Hungarians, in origin even less Western than the Slavs, had to try harder, and they outlawed the teaching of the Slovakian language and made a very earnest attempt to convert the Slovaks into Hungarians. The proper name for this is cultural genocide.

The golden years of Bratislava had been the period when Budapest was in Turkish hands, and Pressburg served as a Hapsburg capital and coronation. Protestants were tolerated, and the suppressed Slovaks were allowed to drift along in their Slavic rustication. With the resurgence of Hungary, the Slovaks became the target of Hungarian expansion. My guide pointed out the telling difference. Before the Magyarization program was really enforced, Slovak students and intellectuals had gravitated to Budapest or Bratislava; afterwards, they sought refuge in Vienna, which paradoxically became home to Slovak nationalism.

Cut off from civilized Europe for centuries, the Slovaks who did not assimilate to Austrian or Hungarian models fell back on folk traditions that are in many respects superior to the Kmart

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The only serious hitch was that they could not authorize payment of my bill at the Slovan (which now included this very expensive telephone call). Fortunately, an American professor at Presov University was kind enough to pay my bill with his Diner's Club card (Louis, I hope my check cleared!), and we set off on Friday for Bratislava. When we arrived, the manager of Hotel 16 assured me that Tatratour was closed until Tuesday and telephoned the office to confirm that no one was there. Calling American Express again and listening to 20 minutes' worth of "Thank you for being patient," I reached a sympathetic clerk who promised to have a card delivered within 24 hours. Just to make sure, I gave her the hotel's telephone and fax numbers, and she promised to call if there were any hitch.

I spent the next day, worriedly returning to my hotel every hour or so, to see if the card had arrived. After 26 hours, I called again and this time I got a most unsympathetic Jennifer, who told me there was no way they would send a courier, and if they did, DHL could not deliver until Wednesday. In that case, I can just wait for Tatratour to open on Tuesday. "If that's what you want," she sniffed. "What I want is my card," I told her. "Well, what do you expect us to do about it?" she asked. I told her that they could begin by not lying or breaking promises. "We only have your word for that," she scolded me. "That's right," I explained. "I had myself robbed in what is still a police state just because I am a masochist and a sadist who wants to see what the military police will do to me and my 17-year-old daughter when we cannot pay our bill."

Before getting off the phone, I extracted a promise that she would fax me a copy of the instructions to Tatratour and would also have someone in authority call me. Neither happened, of course, but I was happy to pick up the card on Tuesday, even though it proved to be impossible to get out of Bratislava until Wednesday. My happiness suffered a setback that night, when I tried to pay my hotel bill—which included $200 of telephone calls—and the manager was informed that my new card was a stolen card. Fortunately, we reached an American Express clerk in Prague—the one decent person from the company I have so far dealt with—who authorized the charge after asking the usual name, rank, and serial number questions. She also warned me that I would have to do the same thing to pay my hotel bill in Munich.

I explained all this to the kindly German hotel manager in Munich, who was really quite sorry when the message came to confiscate my stolen card. Ordinarily, he would have to call the police, but he believed my story, especially when I used some of my last real money (which I had been hoarding) to pay the bill. He even found a cabdriver to take us at a cut rate to the airport—for the honor of Munich, the cabby explained.

American Express had not, however, exhausted its capacity for mischief. Arriving safely home, I tried to check my e-mail only to discover that my CompuServe account was blocked because the American Express account through which I paid for the service was no longer valid. I sent a blistering letter to a v.p. in charge of small business accounts, and after two weeks I heard nothing. Finally, I tried calling the usual number, and this time the clerk promised delivery of both cards by April 23. Late on the 23rd, one Linda called to warn me that the card would not arrive until the 24th—by 11:00 A.M., and it is now 11:25 and still no card.

I have one piece of advice for travelers. Unless you're Jerry Seinfeld, don't count on American Express. If you can't leave home without it, then you had better not leave home at all.

—Thomas Fleming

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baroque of the ruling class. The National Art Museum has a collection of the usual German and Italianate paintings, most of them technically competent, but turn the corner and walk into a room filled with paintings and carved wooden statues removed from churches, and you discover an art that combines "primitive" exuberance with a high aesthetic sense. Here was an art that in a real sense had never escaped the Middle Ages, an art that expressed the rough-handed piety of a faithful people.

At Eastertide Bratislava is not miles but centuries away from Prague. All the churches seemed to be full every day, with people of all ages in a fervor of devotion that is enough to make an American uncomfortable. The only exception was a Good Friday German service at St. Martin's Cathedral, where only old ladies (and casual German tourists) attended. I think of Germans as a musical people, but in St. Martin's, the singing was so bad that I took pity on them and joined in growling my r's and hissing out my ich's with the best of them.

Coming back from supper, we stopped to listen to the Easter vigil service in the yellow Capuchin church in the Župne Město. The little square outside the church was filled with the overflow crowd, listening to the beautiful and solemn music, and when we returned the next morning, there was an even bigger crowd. A little after 9:00 we succeeded in fighting our way into church (at which unfortunately a youth choir performed music as tasteless as anything in America) which again filled to the bursting point. An hour later, it took us ten or fifteen minutes to swim against the incoming tide for the next service, and so it went, apparently, in all the churches of Bratislava for much of the day.

Lent is still observed rather strictly. The week before Easter I had been in Košice, a large industrialized city near the Ukrainian border, where we met some very distant relations of my daughter—the nearest common relative is her maternal great-great-great-grandmother. The subject of my Vegas-style hotel came up in conversation, and an American cousin expressed an interest in going to the nightclub and casino. They could do that only after Easter, she was told. "Just like in America, we don't go in for such things during Lent." Just like in America.

My wife's recently discovered cousins taught me more about Slovakia than I was able to find out from books. More than kindness was expressed in the mere fact of the welcome they extended to people whose connection was so tenuous it took some time to work it out on paper. For these people, at least, family is not some abstract concept based on the nuclear household, much less an "institution" that needs to be protected by the United Nations. The ties of blood are something palpable there, something that can almost be sniffed (some rodents identify kinship through smell and will kill an alien-scented stranger). I have several first cousins whom I have not seen in years, and I am not at all sure of the welcome I would receive if I showed up on their doorstep.

In the time I spent in Slovakia I found few people willing to talk much about politics, and I concluded that the current regime was the usual East European set of thugs. The rivalry between Prime Minister Meciar (the real power) and President Kovac has turned into something more like gang warfare, and I heard a number of jokes about Meciar that could have been Brezhnev jokes. Meciar has two cronies with whom he shares the boodle. One day the leader sneezes, and one lieutenant says, "*Na zdravie*" (which can mean either *Gesundheit* or cheers). The other lieutenant, misunderstanding, complains: "If you two are having a drink, why don't I get my share?" In another story, Meciar dies and goes to heaven where he is dissatisfied with the proposed accommodations. Exasperated, St. Peter asks the Prime Minister where he wants to sit, whereupon Meciar points to the throne of the Almighty.

Overall, people seem mildly content with independence. One professor told me that although his students might grumble about the economy and the government, they are more concerned about getting back to their family farms and getting the spring planting done. A businessman explained to me that independence was a bad idea, because he was being shut out of Prague. "Wouldn't it have been better," he asked, "to try to get along with the Czechs?" His daughter, a college student, thought he was being optimistic. "They have always despised us, and they always will."

I asked a young man about independence. Misunderstanding my question as a reference to the Soviet withdrawal, he joked that the only change was higher prices. There are times in Slovakia when it is possible to forget that communism is dead. State officials seem as lazy and rude as they always were, and everywhere you go there are military police in green uniforms, setting up roadblocks and checking papers. Entering Slovakia on a train from Kraków, I had my passport checked five times: once by the Poles and four times by the Slovaks. The more efficient Czechs only looked at my papers three times, but, then, they did not smile, like the Slovaks, and wish me a good journey.

Whatever else might happen, Czecho-Slovakia represents a rare case of peaceful secession, and both new nations are facing a brighter economic future. The Czechs, it seemed to me, do not actually want a real nation. They only wish to take their place as a productive part of civilized Europe, and barring some unforeseen international catastrophe, they shall have their wish. The price will be continued dependency upon the United States' military and diplomatic power and integration into the empire of the deutsch mark. That is not the worst of fates, and, if the gods of the Slavs and Germans are willing, the Czechs will be joined by the Croats, Slovenes, and perhaps the Hungarians in a central European federation presided over by the Hapsburgs.

Slovaks, although in some respects they seem to be at a pre-national stage of development, are more like Serbs, Scots, and American Southerners of earlier times. Blood and soil still matter as much to them as profits and progress. As primitive as their art and music might seem to an overeducated foreigner, they are authentic expressions of the national character. They would have an easier time of it, preserving their identity, if they remained in the Russian-Ukrainian orbit than if they fell into the grasping claws of the decadent West.

Down-and-out as we were in Bratislava after being robbed by Russians on a train and abandoned to our fate by American Express, we received nothing but kindness and assistance from everyone at Hotel No. 16, which I recommend to anyone about to take that Eastern European trip. Perhaps I am prejudiced by the one part out of several hundred in my children that is Slovak, but after two weeks I concluded that while I admire the Czechs, I like the Slovaks. But even this remote calculation of affinity and prejudice is one that the Slovaks can still appreciate. Without such sentiments, there can be no nation, only a marketplace.

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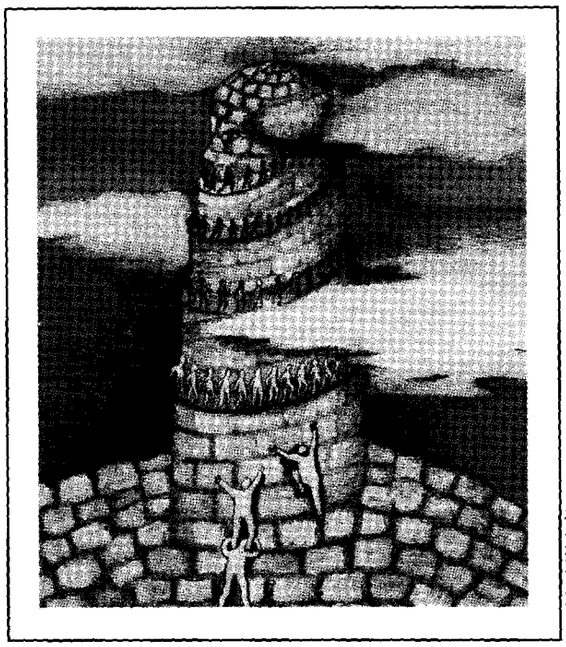
The Revolt of the French Masses

The Smoldering Fires of Immigration

by Curtis Cate



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Charles de Gaulle, on the subject of Algeria: "Pinay, the facts may prove me wrong, but History will prove me right." Finance Minister Antoine Pinay: "But, Monsieur le Président, I thought History was written with facts."

Since for the vast majority of human beings historic myth, as André Malraux believed, is infinitely more appealing than historical fact, it may be years before most French men and women realize the full extent of the social havoc that was wreaked upon their hapless and in places increasingly unlovely country during the 14-year-long reign of François Mitterrand. This is not to suggest that the Eager Beavers of French journalism have not been working overtime to undermine the frail pedestal before the statue of "imperishable" greatness is hoisted into position and assumes an air of marmoreal eternity—as happened with Charles de Gaulle, who was in certain respects very much a giant with feet of clay. So far the most assiduous and (in terms of book sales) the most "popular" of these journalistic rodents has been Jean Montaldo, whose latest exposé of Elysée-Palace skullduggery—provocatively entitled *Mitterrand et les quarante voleurs* (Mitterrand and the Forty Thieves)—headed the nonfiction best-seller list for the better part of a year. But whether this kind of raking through the slush of slick financial deals (for the benefit of cronies as well as of his royal self) will permanently mar the image of presidential greatness that French Socialists are anxious to preserve *in aeternum* of François Mitterrand remains to be seen.

Anyone with a taste for this kind of "seditious" literature is offered an embarrassment of riches. But there is at least one book that should, in my opinion, rank high on any interested reader's list: one entitled *Sauvage Immigration* (with a triple wordplay connoting "wild" and "uncontrolled" as well as "savage"). Its author, Michel Massenet, was an eminent public servant who for 17 years (1958-1971) was responsible for formulating policies on immigration for two French presidents—Charles de Gaulle and Georges Pompidou. His indictment, written in 1994, of 13 years of Mitterrandesque *laisser-aller* in the field of immigration is one of the most devastating critiques of the regime that has yet been written.

It is impossible to do justice in a few words to a book so filled with revealing facts and figures. But here are a few highlights that may serve as floating markers of a fateful drift. In 1980, toward the end of his first and (as it turned out) only term in office, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and his foreign minister, Jean François-Poncet, began negotiating a deal with the government in Algiers whereby close to 100,000 Algerian immigrants were to be peacefully returned home. Nothing, however, came of this well-inspired initiative, for in the presidential election of May 1981, Giscard d'Estaing was unexpectedly unhorsed by his Socialist challenger, François Mitterrand. Immediately the cogwheels of public policy were reversed and the

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sluice-gates opened. France, the generous, warmhearted France of Victor Hugo, Émile Zola, and Jean Jaurès, was going to resume her age-old humanitarian mission as a *pays d'accueil* (a land of welcome) for the downtrodden and oppressed. To make it clear that this was not just hollow rhetoric, a law was enacted in October 1981 which "regularized" the existing status of illegal immigrants (about 130,000, according to one estimate) and also abrogated a Work Code dating from 1932, which had been designed to protect the interests of French workers against "unfair competition" from immigrant labor. Not content with that, the Socialist government in 1984 issued a decree making it possible for any immigrant to obtain a ten-year *carte de séjour* (identity card for foreigners) after one year spent in France. Mitterrand himself consecrated the new "Welcome to All" policy by publicly declaring that "regular" immigrants were, quite naturally, "at home here." This policy, says Massenet, was "premeditated anarchy," the ultimate, diabolical aim of which was to confuse and to paralyze France's middle-of-the-road conservatives by forcing them either to endorse the "racist" policies of the xenophobic rabble-rouser, Jean-Marie Le Pen, or meekly to accept the Socialists' "humanitarian" party line on immigration.

To anyone but a blinkered Socialist, it should have been immediately apparent that such an "Open House" policy could not be long pursued without building up enormous trouble for the future. The moment the word spread—and it spread eastward as far as Indochina and Ceylon (Sri Lanka), southward as far as Senegal, Cameroon, and Mali—that the French authorities had grown so tolerant that they were now actually amnestying illegal immigrants, thousands of poor Africans and Asiatics decided that it was worth running the risk of a possible arrest as an illegal immigrant, since, if caught, the chances of being subsequently released were high and the prospect of being deported to Ouagadougou, Dakar, Kinshasa, or Colombo just about nonexistent.

In 1985, Rémy Halbwax, who then headed a conservative police trade-union—for in France, curiously enough, there are two police unions, with the left-wing union considerably outnumbering its rival—assured me that "clandestine immigrants" were illegally pouring into the Mediterranean seaport of Marseilles at the rate of 1,000 per day. Figures like this must be taken with a grain of salt. The only "clandestine" immigrants who figure on official French registers are those who are actually stopped at some frontier checkpoint; and the magnitude of this interception problem can be judged from the fact that there are no fewer than 900 main and secondary roads leading into France from Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Spain, in addition to scores of seaports and hundreds of miles of casually guarded coves and beaches.

In reality, the mediatic froth periodically worked up in Paris over the "scandal" of illegal immigration has obscured the existence of an infinitely graver phenomenon: the extraordinary facilities offered—always in the name of humanitarian "mercy"—to hundreds of thousands, and eventually to millions, of "legal" immigrants, most of whom end up in France, with no thought of ever returning to their godforsaken "homelands." Human nature being what it is—resourceful, crafty, and when necessary deceitful, particularly for the hard-pressed—those wishing to reach the El Dorado of the French welfare state were not long in discovering gaping "loopholes" in regulations that seemed to have been deliberately designed to facilitate their access. Here, it must be admitted, the intellectual rot—that is to say, the passive acceptance of lofty ideals regardless of the practical consequences—had set in years before the Socialists seized the reigns of power in 1981.

In 1974, when the first signs of rising unemployment began to trouble France's *dirigiste* rulers, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's first prime minister decided that France would do well to limit the number of foreign immigrants entering France and to stick to the principle of "national preference" in the awarding of jobs to French workers. This, as the prominent *Figaro* journalist Thierry Desjardins has pointed out, recognized what can be regarded as an arithmetical link between immigration and unemployment. (Crudely stated, the higher the rate of foreign immigration, the higher the level of domestic unemployment is likely to become.) But two years later, in 1976, the same prime minister, for fear of appearing too hardhearted, granted immigrant husbands the right to bring their wives and children to France according to the generously inspired principle of *regroupement familial*. The prime minister who established this fateful privilege, which no one since has dared to abrogate, was Jacques Chirac, now president of the French Republic.

This generous concession proved to be a monumental blunder for sociological reasons that should have been obvious. Up to 1976, the prevailing assumption had been that immigrant workers, particularly from North Africa, came to France on a *temporary* basis and that they would eventually return to Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco, or more distant Senegal to join the families they had left behind and had been supporting with savings from their monthly earnings. But once wives and children, not to mention brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins, could quite legally cross the Mediterranean according to the now sacrosanct principle of *regroupement familial*, the umbilical link with the homeland was fatally severed. The wives, offered maternal benefits in what Giscard d'Estaing had decided to turn into a Lyndon Johnson-style welfare society, proceeded to spawn more children, each one of whom was entitled by birthright to French citizenship and to what was once the price of republican France—access to the system of universal, free (i.e., state-financed) education which Prime Minister Jules Ferry had introduced in 1879. (Statistics are a bore, but it is worth noting that whereas "purely French" mothers give birth to a national average of 1.6 children, the average for mothers of Algerian origin is 3.2, for Moroccan mothers 3.7, for Turkish mothers 3.9, and for Black-African mothers 4.8.)

Had Giscard d'Estaing been reelected president in 1981, it is just conceivable that he might belatedly have realized the gravity of the problems he was piling up for the future and have taken energetic steps to limit the damage. Personally, I tend to doubt it. Arrogant intellectuals—and in this respect Giscard is a thoroughbred—are usually reluctant to admit past errors of calculation; and not for nothing did the satirical weekly *Le Canard enchaîné* consistently refer to Giscard as "*Sa Suffisance*" (which might best be translated as "His Self-Satisfied Stuffiness"). Three things at any rate are certain. By simultaneously granting immigrant workers the right to import their families and to allow them to enjoy all the benefits of French social security—including maternity benefits of several thousand francs per child, free medical and pharmaceutical care, and even unemployment compensation—the high-minded philanthropists ruling France were thoughtlessly promoting the "slummification" of overpopulated suburban areas, with all the ethnic tensions such a process was bound to arouse. They were precipi-

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tating the French state toward a condition of bankruptcy, with too many millions of persons to support and no money left to pay them. And, not least of all, they were promoting a climate of grotesque unreality and of preemptive capitulation, in which anyone daring to suggest that immigration should be strictly controlled could immediately be pilloried as a "racist" and—which in the present context is just as damning—as a follower of Jean-Marie Le Pen.

Since it was obvious, even to the most high-minded altruist, that a massive influx of "relatives" was going to create serious housing problems, François Mitterrand's Socialists decided that foreigners wishing to visit France for a limited visa period of three months would in addition have to obtain a *certificat d'hébergement* (a lodging certificate) from the "host" family they wished to visit in France. It is the mayor of a commune—there are 36,000 of them in France—who must, as least in theory, decide if a local family has sufficient means and living space to take in one or more "boarders." But in actual administrative practice—and this shows to what extent France today has become a Gulliver immobilized by a tight web of bureaucratic strings—the mayor must first "prove" that the host family lacks sufficient space, and then have this negative opinion officially endorsed by the Office des Migrations Internationales. For fear of "rocking the boat," most mayors simply give up and sign the *certificat d'hébergement*, which are then sent to the eagerly awaiting recipients on the southern shore of the Mediterranean or beyond.

Jean Marsaudon, the deputy-mayor of the once tranquil village of Savigny-sur-Orge, southeast of Paris, has estimated that 280,000 such *certificats d'hébergement* are granted every year to "tourists" from North Africa and other Third World regions, many of whom simply destroy their identity papers once their three months of legally authorized stay are over. If by ill chance they are arrested by the police and can keep their lips tightly sealed during subsequent interrogations, they will be officially registered as "stateless" and released as "inexpulsable" after ten days of detention, since they supposedly have no country to which they can be properly expelled. These *certificats d'hébergement* have as a result become as precious a commodity as the three-month entry visas that foreigners must now obtain to visit France quite legally; and in Algiers, Tunis, and Rabat—to name but three African capitals—they can now be obtained at a black-market rate varying from 5,000 to 10,000 francs (between one and two thousand dollars).

According to a census taken in 1990, there were at that time in France *only* 614,000 officially registered Algerians, 572,000 Moroccans, 206,000 Tunisians, 43,000 Senegalese, 37,000 immigrants from Mali, 22,000 from Zaire, and 18,000 from Cameroon. These figures might seem insignificant in a country of close to 60 million inhabitants. But this ignores the fact that many more foreign immigrants have gone unregistered, so that the real number may well be two to three times as high. There is, furthermore, one sociological phenomenon that even the extreme optimists can no longer overlook: that the "slummification" caused by "wild" immigration has begun to spread like a fungus across the map of France. No fewer than five million persons—more, that is, than the entire population of Norway or Finland—now live in 1,100 so-called "sensitive" quarters, which are constantly on the verge of erupting into violence. Of these, almost one-third (1.5 million) now live like tightly packed sardines in 130 highly volatile *cités* (collective housing lots) or *zones de non droit* (lawless zones), which the French police no longer dare to patrol, knowing that the mere appearance of a police car constitutes an intolerable "provocation" and will unleash a barrage of bricks, stones, and Molotov cocktails.

Before describing one of these slummified "hot spots," I would like to introduce a personal reminiscence directly connected with this problem. In the early 1960's, when I returned to France after an absence of several years, I was dismayed by the change that had transformed Paris, once a city of leisurely *flâneurs* (strollers), into a city of irascible motorists, due to the massive invasion of the "insolent chariots" dear to Lewis Mumford, or to what, more prosaically, I like to call the "automobilization" of the French capital. I set out to write a satirical book on the subject entitled *The Barons of the Boulevards*, which, not surprisingly, was regarded as much too subversive to merit publication. In the course of my research into traffic congestion, street lighting, gaseous air, sonic harassment, "district improvement," and other metropolitan problems, I went to call on several eminent *urbanistes*. I took with me a copy of Jane Jacobs' *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*. None of these distinguished gentlemen had ever heard of Jane Jacobs, still less read a line of her prophetic book. This was regrettable, I told them, because "this is a nightmare scenario for France too if your city planners go on filling your suburbs with high-rise apartment blocks."

> For the disturbing truth is that France's political elite has quite simply capitulated under the pressure of "anti-racist" terrorism.

Jane Jacobs, I explained, was a singularly lucid and independent-minded student of architecture who for a number of years had edited *The Architectural Forum*. Very early on, she had developed a profound distrust of Le Corbusier's visionary plans for doing away with old, "run-down" areas and of erecting in their place 40-story skyscrapers surrounded by idyllic patches of greenery which were, he claimed, sure recipes for human felicity. (One such Corbu scheme called for the destruction of a large area of narrow, congested streets and houses just north of the Seine and Notre Dame Cathedral, which, had it ever been carried out in a frenzy of post-Haussmannian ferocity, would have dealt Paris a death-blow from which it might never have recovered.)

Increasingly concerned by a steadily rising crime rate in major American cities, Jane Jacobs had done some on-the-spot sociological research. What she had discovered was that it was precisely in modern high-rise blocks, where purse-snatchers could quietly lurk in empty elevators waiting for the providential arrival of an unaccompanied housewife who could easily be "mugged," that the crime rate was highest; and that it was in supposedly "run-down" areas in dire need of "urban develop-

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ment" that the crime rate was lowest. In Boston's "North End," for example, mostly populated by Americans of Italian origin and where on warm afternoons many women spent their time seated before their front doorsteps, as their ancestors had always done in Naples or Civita Vecchia, any stranger venturing into the area was instantly recognized as such and kept under surveillance by inhabitants who had retained a keen sense of communal identity.

French urban development, admittedly, has differed from the American "model" in at least one significant respect. The panicky flight of "respectable" citizens from the dangerous center of the city to the safer residential suburbs—so glaringly apparent in "downtown" Washington, D.C.—has not, as a general rule, occurred in France. In Paris, those lucky enough to have a place in the country to retire to on weekends—my butcher on the elegant Rue de Varenne (not far from the prime minister's official residence) is one of them—would not dream of abandoning their residential apartments in the center of the city. Here, as in Lyon, Strasbourg, Bourdeaux, Toulouse, and many other cities, the only salient exception is Marseilles, where the celebrated Canebière has been partly "Arabized"; the city centers, many of them now officially protected from "urban improvement" by the antidemolition provisions of the "Malraux Law" of 1962, have retained their indigenous character and vitality, while the sprawling suburbs, forced to absorb successive waves of foreign immigrants, have been allowed to "rot."

A classic example is the fate that has overtaken the once charming village of Montfermeil, northeast of Paris, by whose central fountain Victor Hugo had his hero, Jean Valjean, meet Cosette in *Les Misérables*. Until 30 years ago, Montfermeil was a peaceful suburban town of some 8,000 souls, full of *pavillons* (as the French call their small suburban cottages), each with its tiny vegetable-and-flower garden. But in 1963 several ambitious "developers" decided to improve and "modernize" the little town's humdrum image by constructing a prestigious complex of vertical high-rise "towers" and horizontal, low-profile "*barres*" (window-studded slabs). The task of designing this 20th-century marvel, charmingly named *Les Bosquets* (The Groves), was entrusted to Bernard Zehrfuss, a famous French architect who had made a name for himself by constructing the curiously curved UNESCO building, not far from the Invalides. The complex's 1,500 spacious flats were designed essentially for medium-income "cadres" (managerial personnel) who, it was assumed, would feel eternally at home and happy in this architectural wonderland. Many reasonably well-off bureaucrats and managers did indeed purchase apartments in this luxurious *cité*. So too did a number of real-estate speculators, who decided that the renting out of these admirably up-to-date apartments would bring in handsome profits over the coming years. One of them, according to Thierry Desjardins, who has vividly described this particular debacle in his best-selling *Lettre au Président à propos de l'Immigration*, was the celebrated singer Charles Aznavour, who bought up a dozen apartments, though for exactly what reasons the author was polite enough not to reveal.

Almost from the very start this real estate venture seems to have been a speculative fiasco. Defying Le Corbusian dogma, many of the reasonably affluent purchasers preferred to desert this particular *cité radieuse* and to relodge themselves in less congested two-story *pavillons*, where their children could skip rope and turn somersaults on their tiny plots of grass. The swift decline in demand forced some of them to sell their apartments at cut-rate prices, while the real estate speculators had to make drastic reductions in rental rates to attract new occupants. By 1967, just four years after the "opening" of this "model" complex, the fiasco had begun to assume the proportions of a catastrophe. Five percent of the occupants were already of non-French origin, and some were already beginning to "sacrifice" their sheep for a *méchoui* feast on the no longer immaculately tended grounds of *Les Bosquets*. (I might add, parenthetically, that when retired actress Brigitte Bardot, now a militant crusader against cruelty to animals, recently denounced as "barbaric" the Muslim practice of cutting the throats of sheep for the annual feast-day of the Ait-el-Kebir, she was immediately branded a "racist" in left-wing newspapers and dismissed by an embarrassed political establishment as a wayward disciple of Le Pen.)

But to go back to the sad saga of Montfermeil. By 1969, the number of foreigners inhabiting the "luxurious" complex of *Les Bosquets* had risen to 15 percent. Confronted by a steady decline in demand, the frantic speculators had begun to rent their vacant apartments to immigrants employed in nearby factories and workshops. Four years later (1973) the number of foreign residents had risen to 30 percent of the total, and the worried prefect of the *département* was beginning to ring the alarm, appalled by police reports of vandalized cars, of pitched battles between rival teenage gangs, of thefts and muggings, and even of firemen being pelted with stones when arriving to put out recently lit fires.

In 1974, there was a momentary respite, when the Chirac government decided to halt the immigration of foreign workers. But two years later, as we have seen, the same government decided to relax the clamp-down by allowing foreign workers to import their kinsfolk in the name of *regroupement familial*. Recognizing a bonanza when they saw it, the foreign inhabitants of *Les Bosquets* at Montfermeil brought in their wives, their children, their brothers, sisters, uncles, and cousins, precipitating a further exodus of French residents. By 1982, the ratio of immigrants inhabiting the once "palatial" complex had reached 58 percent of the total, with families from no fewer than 28 different countries. Of these the Algerians and Moroccans, however, still formed a majority.

Since that time, things have merely gone from bad to worse. Rents are no longer paid, scrofulous patches sully the unpainted walls of corridors and staircases, and everywhere there is dirt and litter. Most of the mailboxes have been smashed or defaced, and outside, on the now weed-infested lawns, groups of unemployed youths fight it out with rival gangs, each defending its threatened "turf" against the predatory claims of hostile drug-peddlers, motorcycle thieves, and black-market traffickers in radios and cassette-players torn from eviscerated automobiles. By 1991 some of the first North African residents had had enough and had moved out, leaving a majority of black Africans to preside over the wreckage.

If what occurred at Montfermeil is an extreme case, it is essentially because the original architectural complex of *Les Bosquets* was luxuriously designed, whereas most of the brick-and-concrete "hen-coops" that now deface the suburban landscape of so many French cities were depressing eyesores from the very start. One of them, located at Sarcelles, due north of Paris, had become such a scandalous den of iniquity that several years ago the entire complex was dynamited and reduced to rubble.

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In 1989, the then prime minister, Michel Rocard, had the courage to protest aloud that "*la France ne peut pas accueillir toutes les misères du monde*" (France cannot welcome all the poor of the world). It was just about the wisest statement that has so far been made on the subject. But it was not enough to save this honest socialist from electoral defeat in his own constituency, the now ethnically strife-torn industrial center of Conflans-Saint-Honorine, northwest of Paris.

One of the things that has blurred the bitter, present-day realities of French society and politics has been the stupid habit of calling Jean-Marie Le Pen's National Front a "right-wing" party. In strict fact, the National Front, which is now in numerical terms France's leading *workers'* party, is no more a "right-wing" party than was Adolf Hitler's NSDAP—the *National-Sozialistische-Deutsche-Arbeiter-Partei*—which to the very end of the Third Reich proudly advertised itself as both a "socialist" and a "workers' party" in order to emphasize its popularity with the laboring masses of Germany. The reason why French working men and women have been abandoning the traditional parties of the so-called "left" and flocking to the National Front in droves is because they are fed up with the shopworn rhetoric of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," which has no relevance today to the conditions of everyday life in their once tranquil suburbs.

The most vociferous of these woolly-headed sloganmongers—in addition of course to the professional "anti-racist" agitators of the North and black African communities—are the pampered intellectuals of the "*gauche caviar*" (the "Caviar Left") who would not dream for a moment of abandoning their safe apartments in the fifth, sixth, and seventh *arrondissements* of Paris to live in one of the many slums of metropolitan Paris. During a hastily altered program of Bernard Pivot's Friday-evening television program "*Bouillon de Culture*," in the immediate wake of the National Front's election victory in the southern city of Vitrolles, the fulminating film director Bernard Tavernier publicly advertised his fraternal love of Paris slum-dwellers by saying that more than once he and his cast of actors and technicians had fearlessly set up their cameras and recording gear in suburbs like Saint-Denis and Aubervilliers on the northern outskirts of Paris. His performance was a gem of "left-wing" hypocrisy, for to make a "fearless" foray into a tense slum area is not quite the same thing as actually having to live there.

As Jean-François Revel, one of France's most penetrating observers, noted in a commentary published in the weekly *Le Point*:

> The program of the National Front, which wants to boot out all foreigners, and that of the petitioners, who want to bring all of them in, are equally impractical and immoral. For both ensure the irremediable failure of integration, that age-out tradition which was and should remain the honor of France. According to their usual operating tactics, the intellectuals or automatons of the Left, or who claim to be such, are thus organizing the practical destruction of the ideal to which they are in theory committed. This is no way to be a friend of the immigrants; it is to be their worst enemy.

In agreeing to suppress an "iniquitous" clause in a new immigration bill which would have authorized mayors to check up on the status of immigrants granted three-month visas—a normal administrative requirement in any rational country—the government of Alain Juppé was simply following the lax example of its predecessors in bowing to the pressure of "the street." For the disturbing truth is that France's political elite has quite simply capitulated under the pressure of "anti-racist" terrorism, and of the kind of intellectual *chantage* (blackmail) which the Spanish philosopher Ortega y Gasset analyzed so prophetically (though in a slightly different context) in *The Revolt of the Masses*. Which is to say, more than 60 years ago, when Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was barely four, Michel Rocard a month-old baby, and Jacques Chirac as yet unborn.

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Multiculturalism

by Harold McCurdy

The Hutus and the Tutsi,
Rwanda and Zaire,
Have added more confusion
To what was never clear.

Dark Africa grows darker
From the Suez to the Cape;
Not even Harvard doctors
Can cope or quite escape.

The ladies of Somalia
Have put them to the test:
What manner of circumcision
Will suit their daughters best?

The doctors favor slitting
The clitoral prepuce,
The ladies want the whole area
Cored out against abuse.

Harvard is stumped by whether
To nick or to ablate;
The Hutus and the Tutsi
Refuse to integrate.

Down with the Declaration!
For better or for worse
We're not created equal
But diverse, diverse, diverse.

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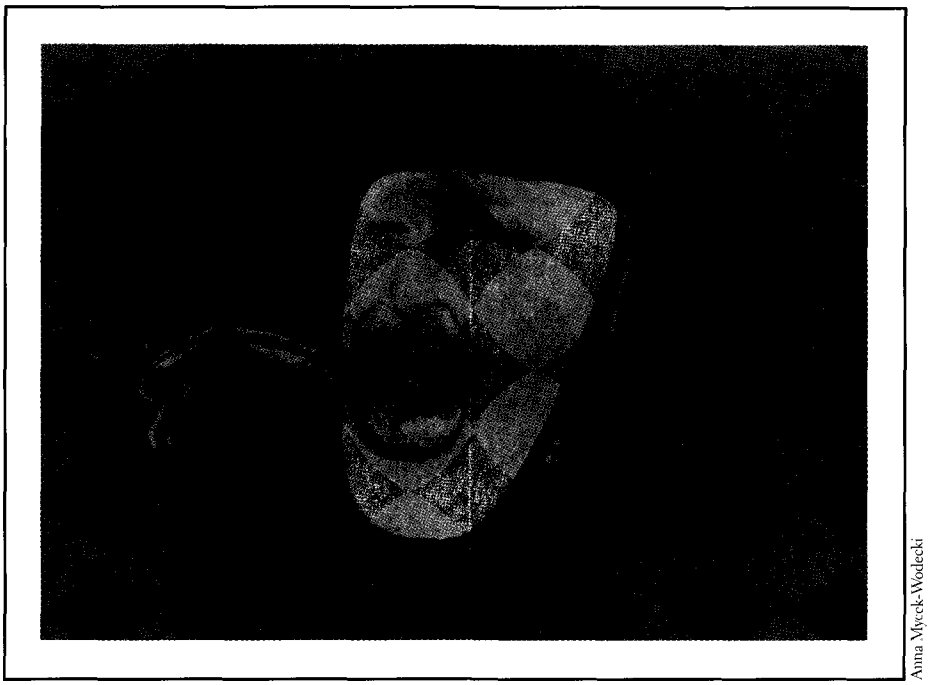
The Iron Lady Down Under

by R.J. Stove



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

She is the most powerful, the most revered, and the most reviled woman in Australia today. Before February 1996, almost no one even in her home state of Queensland had heard of her. Before September 1996, she was still largely unknown outside the depressing tribe of psephologists. Now she sends Indonesian and Thai bigwigs, however irresolute their normal disposition, into what Roy Campbell called "a rheumatic ecstasy of hate." Moreover, she now belongs to that elite of half a dozen Australians whom headline-writers can identify by first name alone, certain that even their most cognitively challenged readers will recognize her. In total seriousness, admirers and detractors have likened her to Hitler, Churchill, Thatcher, George Wallace, and Mother Teresa. She is Pauline Hanson, quondam fish-and-chips shop owner, and representative for the federal parliamentary electorate of Oxley.

Her lurch onto the national stage would never have been possible without that political correctness which, as every Australian guru is reassuring the public, is dead. Traditionally, Oxley has been among Australia's safest Labor Party seats. Its incumbent for the greater part of the postwar era was Bill Hayden, who (after serving as Treasurer under Gough Whitlam, party leader after Whitlam's retirement, and Foreign Affairs Minister under Bob Hawke) held the Governor-General's office with improbable skill from 1989 to 1996. Located as it is in the heart of *Terra Proletarianis* (and with an unemployment rate ironically aggravated by selling Queensland as the most pleasant area of Australia in which to live), Oxley should have remained loyal to Labor for all eternity. That it would indeed so remain was the assumption motivating those Liberal Party bosses who in late 1995 needed to find (and to run) a suitably suicidal candidate for the constituency at the next federal election, due no later than the following March.

Enter, from stage right, Mrs. Hanson, who had briefly served as a councilor in the southeastern Queensland town of Ipswich, but whose career was otherwise untainted by political success. Her character made her, in Liberal calculations, the perfect fall guy. Feminists would be appeased by the mere fact that she was a woman; her small-business background could inspire dutiful comments about the Liberals having at last realized the need to court the battlers' vote; and her shortage of wider administrative experience had left her with no enemies. All these factors ensured that, following her inevitable defeat, Liberal executives would be able to tell anyone still listening, "Well, at least we tried"—and then, this dangerous flirtation with vulgar realism behind them, would revert with the clearest of consciences to business as usual.

What no Liberal apparatchiks realized (though her subsequent television appearances should have made their stupidity obvious to a child) was that Mrs. Hanson had a mouth on her. One almost feels a pang of compassion for those who aspired to be her puppet-masters. Scarcely had she been chosen to represent the Liberals than she burst into print (more specifically, into Ipswich's newspaper the *Queensland Times*) with a rebuke of the Aboriginal activism industry. "Racism is starting in this country," she proclaimed, "because the Government are [*sic*] looking after the Aborigines too much."

Had she been a smoother operator, she would have seen that if ever there might have been a time when the Liberals' milquetoasts were sympathetic to this line of talk, the lead-up to the 1996 poll was not it. Incredible though it now seems, Paul

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Keating was widely expected to be returned to office with a majority of at least three seats. The driveling incompetence that the Liberals and their National Party coalition partners had displayed in the final months of the previous Parliament's life inspired despair in even their most devoted lay supporters. So convulsed were they by humiliating memories of their defeat at the 1993 election (before which they had for the first time in 30 years offered voters, Goldwater-style, "a choice, not an echo") that they had become obsessed with the desire to eliminate every particle of ideological difference between themselves and Labor. Besides, in the days immediately before Mrs. Hanson's remark, both Labor and the National parties had enthusiastically purged their ranks of "racist" elements. Western Australia's Graeme Campbell had been stripped of Labor's endorsement for his seat of Kalgoorlie, partly because of his willingness to address meetings of the League of Rights (Australia's nearest equivalent to the John Birch Society) and partly through his justified but tactless observation that the greatest service Mr. Keating could give Australia was a state funeral.

In northern Queensland, two far less celebrated figures than Campbell had also been abandoned by their own party's head office: Bob Katter, Jr. (Federal National Party member for the seat of Kennedy) and Bob Burgess (the Nationals' candidate for the nearby electorate of Leichhardt). Mr. Katter's sin was to allude in an otherwise narcoleptic speech to "slanty-eyed ideologues," while the "hate crime" of Mr. Burgess (who had unsuccessfully contested Leichhardt in 1993) lay in his lighthearted and off-the-cuff description of Australia's citizenship procedures as "de-wogging ceremonies." So when Mrs. Hanson dared to say in public what almost every Australian at some stage has said in private about the race-relations privilegentsia, it was evident that she could expect no more mercy than Messrs. Campbell, Katter, and Burgess had received. She too was expelled from the party she had been chosen to represent. Undaunted, she refused to do the decent thing of withdrawing from the race altogether. Instead, she ran, like Mr. Burgess, as an Independent.

Australia's federal and state parliamentary history is such a densely packed graveyard of Independents' careers that this decision of hers alone reveals her cluelessness regarding conventional political techniques. Ted Mack, Robyn Read, Frank Arkell, Dawn Fraser (yes, the former Olympic swimmer), Phil Cleary, Steele Hall—these are but a few of the figures, all dripping with street-smartness by Hanson standards, who entered Australian legislatures with great panache as Independents and were almost never heard from again. But then, none of these forgettables ever managed what Mrs. Hanson achieved in the March 1996 election: victory in Oxley with a 20 percent swing in her favor. (Her fellow pariahs also did rather well. Mr. Burgess narrowly lost, despite a six percent improvement over his 1993 candidacy's result; but Mr. Katter was vindicated by a 12 percent increase in his raw vote, while Mr. Campbell fared better than his Liberal and Labor antagonists combined.)

All this, *plus* the long overdue halt to the dreams of p.c.-crazed Aboriginal Affairs Minister Robert Tickner, flung out from his New South Wales seat to the tune of an 11 percent swing against him, seemed too good to be true. Could this tally of successes and near-successes by the politically incorrect constitute a portent? Might Australian p.c. really be dying? Even if it retained rude health, might it not have acquired an air of undesirability, like pædophilia or abstract expressionism? Had Samuel Beckett predicted the Australian polity of 1996 when he announced, in his favorite mode of drum-rolling pretentiousness, "Something is taking its course"?

It was Mrs. Hanson's first parliamentary speech on September 10, by far the most widely reported utterance of this kind in Australia's annals, which guaranteed her place as one of only three federal Independents (excluding the newly Independent Mr. Campbell) who have seriously mattered. Not that her performance scored high marks in the field of oratory. Mrs. Hanson's platform expertise is about on a par with her knowledge of grammar (which proves the folly of those who condemn her as a Nazi-type demagogue) and few of the parliamentarians who retain a sense of history even bothered to sit through her effort.

Read in cold print, it seems less like an inflammation of mob sentiments than an assemblage of truisms. She mentioned the widespread fear that two decades of multiculturalism had put Australia "in danger of being swamped by Asians." She noted that "they [Asians] have their own culture and religion, form ghettoes, and do not assimilate . . . a truly multicultural society can never be strong or united, and the world is full of failed and tragic examples." She called for peacetime national service to be reintroduced. She deplored the time and money Australia wasted by remaining in the U.N. She urged Prime Minister John Howard to "cease all foreign aid immediately and apply the savings to generating employment here at home." She reopened the topic that had originally turned the Liberals against her:

> Present governments are encouraging separatism in Australia by providing opportunities, land, monies and facilities only available to Aboriginals. Along with millions of Australians I am fed up to the back teeth with the inequalities that are being promoted by the Government and paid for by the taxpayer under the assumption that Aboriginals are the most disadvantaged people in Australia.
>
> I am fed up with being told, "This is our land." Well, where the hell do I go? I was born here and so were my parents and children . . . I draw the line when told I must pay and continue paying for something that happened over two hundred years ago.

The sheer novelty of truth being uttered out loud in *any* Australian context ensured that days elapsed before the Fourth Estate realized the implications of Mrs. Hanson's remarks. But when it did stir from its slumbers (one cannot very well use the phrase "wake up" about a collective mind so slothful and crepuscular), it lost no time in applying The Treatment. Mrs. Hanson was a fanatic. Mrs. Hanson was a rabble-rouser. Mrs. Hanson was a racist. Mrs. Hanson was a bigot. Mrs. Hanson was personally responsible for World War II (no mean feat for someone not born until 1954). Mrs. Hanson was divorced (in contradistinction, of course, to the Jansenist sexual morality of your average media pundit). Most disgusting of all (to judge by the tabloid sneers at it) was Mrs. Hanson's former status as a dispenser of fish-and-chips. Obviously a mere working stiff behind a counter could not be expected to know anything about anything. At least Geoffrey Blainey had possessed the elementary decency to inhabit the public sector for years before exhibiting *his* "intolerance."

No sooner had the whining satraps of local journalism and bureaucracy discovered unprecedented depths of loathsome-

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ness in Mrs. Hanson than their Southeast Asian counterparts (including Indonesia's Ambassador to Australia, Wiryono Sastrohandoyo, and the *Bangkok Post*) did the same thing. (The readiness of Asian regimes to deal with domestic opposition by putting it before a firing squad and running electric currents through its genitalia was considered unmentionable.) Malaysia's *de facto* dictator Dr. Mahathir called Mrs. Hanson "moronic," and tried to frighten her compatriots by threatening to recall every Malaysian student at Australia's universities. He conveniently failed to acknowledge the reason these students were in Australia at all: the civil disabilities his own government imposes upon Malaysia's Chinese population, disabilities which bar even—or especially—the most intelligent Chinese-Malaysians from educational opportunities in their homeland. Deputy Prime Minister Tim Fischer and Victoria's Premier Jeff Kennett both wailed about the allegedly horrific damage that Mrs. Hanson's "anti-Asianism" would do to Australia's exports. The tourism "industry" responded to a slight post-Hanson downturn in trade by the only method that Australian "industry" has ever considered legitimate: it demanded a $20 million federal grant to console it for lost revenue.

At this stage (late September and early October) Mrs. Hanson the individual, as distinct from Mrs. Hanson the generalized Force of Darkness, was still largely unknown outside the ranks of those masochists who watch parliamentary telecasts. Few Australians could recognize her in the street, for instance. That changed on October 20, when a *60 Minutes* documentary entitled "The Hanson Phenomenon," with smirking anchorperson Tracey Curro, went to air. Miss Curro and her cohorts moaned about all the statistical horrors of Aboriginal existence (a life expectancy almost 20 years shorter than for Caucasians; an infant mortality rate twice the national average) as if Mrs. Hanson were personally responsible for them. Though the *60 Minutes* team had hoped to destroy Mrs. Hanson, they failed altogether. Even their on-camera discovery that Mrs. Hanson had never heard the word "xenophobic" before (she tried to conceal her ignorance of it by snapping at Miss Curro, "Please explain") gave them no tactical or moral advantage. Every opinion poll before October 20 had been overwhelmingly pro-Hanson. The Roy Morgan Research Centre's finding that 66 percent of respondents agreed with Mrs. Hanson's views on Asian immigration was actually among the more conservative outcomes. Radio and television phone-ins in Australia's largest and most cosmopolitan cities (where one would have expected the anti-Hanson vote to be largest) invariably produced at least four pro-Hanson callers to each anti-Hanson caller, even after October 20. Despite Miss Curro's best efforts, the Beast of the Apocalypse was obviously not dead, merely sleeping. Stronger measures than ordinary television grillings were called for.

On November 30, the front of the *Sydney Morning Herald*'s color supplement boasted a vampirical face with bloodstained lips, exuding hatred. The face, predictably enough, was a gimmicky photo of Mrs. Hanson; and the story itself by a David Leser recounted every venial sin of Mrs. Hanson since the early 1960's, in the hope of confirming her status as evil incarnate. Not only did this exposé reflect no intellectual credit upon the rag that published it, but even as a sales device it misfired. Newsagents in working-class regions of New South Wales (and there is no reason to believe that things were different in Victoria, where the same piece was run by Melbourne's *The Age*) reported their lowest *Sydney Morning Herald* sales that day in months.

Why Mrs. Hanson bothered to give Mr. Leser five minutes of her time, let alone to invite him to a home-cooked meal ("'My private life is my private life,' she says indignantly as we sit at her dining table"), is among the genuine (as distinct from media-invented) mysteries of her character. Even after enduring a campaign of the purest hatred, she appears unable to take the simplest precautions against her tormentors: such as an insistence (which her office staff should have enforced from the beginning) on keeping her own tape-recorded evidence of whatever she has said. Here is the oleaginous Mr. Leser, after having made his victim cry:

> Finally, the tears and mirth roll together as she says, with dripping sarcasm, "Yeah, I just love all this controversy. I really do. I just love sitting on a knife's edge with my credibility and integrity and all the rest of it just about down the drain."
>
> For a brief moment I actually feel sorry for her. . . . But the moment passes and what I see again are the cold, sharp features of bigotry and racism and I am reminded of how far we still have to go to expunge this from our midst.

A more substantial fault in Mrs. Hanson (one which, unlike her refusal to prevent misquotations of her thought, damages others as well as herself) is her economic naiveté. With her autarkic longings, she can be charged with the same sin of which Bill Kauffman (*Chronicles*, February 1996) accused Pat Buchanan: "Clayite advocacy of a protectionism that amounts to a blank check for the most powerful industries and most cunning lobbyists." (If Australia's welfare state apologists had any more brains than Homer Simpson, they would for this very reason be cheering every time Mrs. Hanson entered a room.)

There is one, and only one, excuse for Australia's immigration levels: the inability of the average Australian citizen to do any work at all, however exorbitant his wages and however urgently the work needs doing. In attributing to the nonimmigrant labor force a self-reliance which most of it is too stupid, too drunk, too illiterate, and too ovine even to hypothesize about, Mrs. Hanson could be justly reproached for exacerbating a smugness that was pervasive to start with. On the other hand, no one knows better than she the insanely high joblessness levels among migrant communities (30 percent for Southeast Asians and Lebanese in Sydney's poorest western suburbs) and the pernicious futility of "family reunion" stratagems, by which immigrants are severely disadvantaged if they speak serviceable English. (Nor has anyone else had the courage to state publicly, as Mrs. Hanson does in a new book, that certain Aborigines practiced cannibalism.) Without ever having heard of George Gilder, Mrs. Hanson nevertheless can boast enough horse sense to reject his Horatio Algerish delusions. Supposing the entire Australian multicultural apparatus were abolished at the wave of a wand, its human casualties would persist: a million Flying Dutchmen for whom the shore offers not merely no resting place but no hope of an income; the unemployable and unintelligible in hot pursuit of the unimaginable.

Still, shortly before summer's parliamentary recess, Immigration Minister Philip Ruddock (a tenth-generation photostat, as it were, of Earl Warren) made vague promises of possibly imposing language tests on future would-be migrants. Not (he quickly assured us) that there could be any question of serious-

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ly pruning, let alone scrapping, the multicultural agenda. Yet without Mrs. Hanson's presence to give him the occasional reminder of how Australians outside taxpayer-subsidized bughouses actually think, Mr. Ruddock would never have vowed even the modest concession to sanity's demands that he did articulate.

During the lead-up to Christmas it appeared that Mrs. Hanson would obtain a small but deserved victory against four of her attackers. A quartet of Aboriginal boys (one of whom had a four-page criminal record) entered her electoral office on the pretext of seeking her autograph, but once inside they repeatedly spat in her face and hit her around the head. For one moment it seemed as if justice might be done: the boys were refused further bail, imprisoned, and told not to expect release until January 30. It was too good to last. UNICEF, Amnesty International, Australia's Catholic welfare agencies, and every other local terrorist front cried to heaven for vengeance against the Queensland magistrate who sentenced the thugs; and a second Queensland magistrate conditionally freed them.

In contrast to Preston Manning, Jörg Haider, and other such spokesmen for the populist right, Mrs. Hanson (who has since formed her own party, One Nation) attained renown without the backing of any party machine—indeed, without the faintest suggestion of one. The Sydney-based *Bulletin*, Australia's best-selling current-affairs magazine, has asserted (on the basis, admittedly, of a finding which no other pollsters' researches replicate) that Mrs. Hanson could get at least seven of her supporters elected to the Senate, thereby holding the balance of power. Since this poll was published, she has dismissed two of her advisors, John Pasquarelli and Jeffry Babb, both of whom are understood to have favored establishing a Senate team more than she and her confidante Barbara Hazelton ever did. Yet even this spat has done her no perceptible political harm.

Will her rise to fame be matched by an equally sudden and spectacular sputtering-out of her career? Despite an army of self-appointed obituarists gleefully predicting this very outcome, the odds are against it. Were she to fall under a bus tomorrow (a fate that most of her parliamentary colleagues would eagerly wish on her), she would already have accomplished so much that the *status quo ante Hansonum* looks too chimerical to be revived. Somehow, she slipped through the political net. Somehow, the arc-lights and make-up geniuses of the mass media failed in their efforts to domesticate, contain, and generally lobotomize this lady. Think of it: in the gigantic shadows of JFK and Whitlam there managed to dwell (without anybody conceiving for a moment of so gross an abomination) a future politician who was a human being. A human being, what is more, with a pair of eyes in her head; a human being for whom liberal euphemism and "I'm glad you asked me that, Jim" sycophancy toward the yellow press are alike objectionable; a human being who, when escorted through an Aboriginal shantytown, has the impudence to enquire, "If these people have got such a great affinity with the land, how come there's so much rubbish lying about?" So fantastic a creature belongs by rights with Sir John Mandeville's bestiary, not to a Vibrant Multicultural Nation like ours. No wonder that permanently silencing her adenoidal and untrained but eloquent voice has become the chief goal of contemporary Australian policymakers. c

HANSON AND HYPOCRISY

Asian politicians have long accused the Australian government of practicing or condoning racism. One of the most recent attacks comes from Singapore's prime minister, Goh Chok Tong, who criticized John Howard's administration for taking too long to denounce allegedly anti-Asian remarks made by Pauline Hanson. But in a recent article in the Sydney *Sunday Telegraph*, Hong Kong correspondent Andrew Bolt accuses the accusers. Mr. Goh, he points out, recently hounded an opposition politician out of Singapore after accusing him of "being so pro-Chinese that he could spark race riots with the Malay minority." Another fierce critic of Australia, Malaysian Prime Minister Mahathir Mohamad, who recently spoke of bringing Malaysian university students home from Australia, was besieged in March by 300 Muslims who were furious that he had allowed the Israeli cricket team into the country.

Mr. Bolt's article ("Who are the Real Racists?") cites other examples all over Asia, from ethnic civil war in Sri Lanka and the anti-Chinese riots in Indonesia to tribal tensions in Papua, New Guinea. "If Pauline Hanson is the worst sign of Australian racism," he concludes, "then maybe Singapore's Goh is right: Australia is not part of Asia after all—which should be good news for everyone."

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The Road to Cascadia

by Justin Raimondo

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

They call it Cascadia—a land of plunging waterfalls and snowcapped mountains, a mythical kingdom of towering trees and raging rivers. Here in Seattle, capital of this Arcadia, the sleekly modernistic Space Needle rises up against the backdrop of Mount Rainier, which dominates the horizon—a distinctly Cascadian juxtaposition of mountain and cityscape, forest and skyscraper, greenery and growth.

The name adorns hundreds of local businesses—from Cascadia Software to Cascade Steel Door and Hardware—and was inevitably appropriated by radical environmentalists—such as the "Cascadia Action Group," an Earth First!-type organization bitterly opposed to any and all development—as well as by more sedate "bioregionalists," such as admirers of Ernest Callenbach's Ecotopia, who peddle socialism under the aegis of regional planning. In a review of Robert L. Dorman's *Revolt of the Provinces: The Regionalist Movement in America, 1920-1945*, the bioregionalist writer Patrick Mazza asks us to "envision new cultural institutions meshing the knowledge gained through natural sciences with theater, ritual, narrative and music, recalling earlier native, folk and immigrant cultures while recognizing some fundamentally new synthesis is needed." Politically, this means "nothing less than creating new political institutions rooted in community and region, that work confederally with their allies in other regions."

If all this sounds like an MTV rock video, the "ritual" that Mazza mentions is meant to be taken literally. For the fact is that a self-styled "neopagan" subculture has emerged here, as in the wackier regions of northern California. But there is something more substantial in the vision of Cascadia than the woozy utopianism of these marginal folk. Beyond the subsidized playpens of academia and the "alternative" culture, the idea of Cascadia has caught on in certain elite circles. While Seattle's pierced-and-tattooed left-Cascadians are culturally chic but politically irrelevant, the quasi-conservative or *right*-Cascadians are in a position actually to implement their agenda—which is not separatism but de facto *union* with British Columbia, Alberta, the Yukon, and perhaps other provinces of Canada.

This scenario was vividly and convincingly described in a 1994 book, *Breakup: The Coming End of Canada and the Stakes for America*, whose author, Lansing Lamont, was *Time* magazine's chief Canadian correspondent in the 1970's and a managing director for Canadian Affairs at the Americas Society. As one might expect from a descendant of Thomas W. Lamont—Morgan partner, New York investment banker, and a pillar of the power elite—his is a cultured voice, resonant with a patrician self-assurance: the authentic voice of that legendary creature, the Eastern Establishment. His book, which reads like an internal policy memorandum written in the form of a future history, raises the Cascadian Question in the following context: Quebec nationalists declare independence, after which the demise of Canada, "the first international nation," follows swiftly. "As for British Columbia, aloof on the other side of the Rockies," writes Lamont, "it pondered a private agenda of its own. Its west was the Pacific Rim and the Oregon coast, not Alberta or Manitoba; its future lay in Tokyo and Seattle, not Calgary or Winnipeg." Having "recast itself from a prairie to a northwest mountain province and elected to take its chances for the long term in a distinctly American-edged coalition," Alberta takes the same road. The Western provinces follow Que-

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bec out of confederal Canada and into the waiting arms of the United States.

Lamont envisions a "Pacific alliance whose other members [include] Alaska, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, and Washington," a postindustrial economic powerhouse rich in raw materials with a gross annual product of some $280 billion. An independent Cascadia would be the ninth wealthiest nation on earth—but that is not on the agenda. "In short," writes Lamont, "Cascadia or Pacifica, as the new region was variously tagged, constitute[s] a perfect vehicle for the gradual assimilation of Canada's drifting provinces into the American matrix." Lamont cites a story related by former Canadian Prime Minister John Turner. At "a raucous dinner in 1992," at a restaurant outside Vancouver, one of the businessmen present turned to the Prime Minister and said, "only half in jest, 'John, tell us how to cut a deal with the United States. We're ready to join.'"

Unlike the Quebecers, says Lamont, British Columbian separatism "is a mind-set grounded not in bitterness but in optimism" animated by a need to break free of feuding Easterners. Much of the enthusiasm, however, seems to be coming from the other side of the border, where potential deal-makers are champing at the bit. The center of Cascadian regionalism is the ostensibly free market-oriented Discovery Institute, headquartered in downtown Seattle. Endorsed by Steve Forbes, George Gilder, and other free market luminaries, this quasi-libertarian think tank has set up a "Cascadia Task Force" whose task is to blur if not completely eliminate the American-Canadian border and whose agenda throws the free market completely overboard. The Institute says its purpose "is to discover and promote ideas that can chart the future in the common sense tradition of representative government, the free market, and individual liberty," but this is true only if by the free market the Discoveryites mean plenty of government subsidies for business. A major activity of the Cascadia Task Force is lobbying for "renewed and continued expansion of Amtrak service from Vancouver to Eugene," as well as improving "intermodal connections through public-private partnerships."

Funded by the cities of Seattle and Surrey, British Columbia, as well as the Port of Tacoma and the Henry M. Jackson Foundation, the Cascadia project is pure mercantilism. A helpful map of Cascadia posted on the Discovery Institute's website reveals the scope and possible evolution of their ambition: it defines "Main Street Cascadia" as Portland, Seattle, Victoria, and Vancouver. This is surrounded by a shaded area deemed "Cascadia" proper, which includes two states, Washington and Oregon, and all of British Columbia. An even larger swath of territory, stretching from Alaska to Idaho, and including Montana, is designated the "Pacific Northwest Economic Region," clearly meant to delineate the outer reaches of the Cascadian empire.

In a policy paper issued by the Institute, "Cascadian Adventures: Shared Visions, Strategic Alliances, and Ingrained Barriers in a Transborder Region," Professor Alan F.J. Artibise of the University of British Columbia makes the case for Cascadia in cultural as well as economic terms. There is, says Artibise, such a thing as a "Cascadian culture," the first principle of which is that "for Cascadians, environmentalism has become a sort of secular religion." In the absence of such cultural signposts as a Cascadian literature, Cascadian art, or even Cascadian folk dances, the author informs us that "the Cascadian region is also tied together by sports" and that this constitutes "a shared sports culture." Bruce Chapman, Discovery Institute president, exults in the fact that "When it comes to baseball, the Mariners have the only major league team in Cascadia . . . on average, 10 to 13 percent of [Mariner] advance sales are from B.C. and roughly 8 percent from Oregon." Another major aspect of Cascadian high culture is an emphasis on "the quality of life": as Artibise puts it, "the 'lotus land' stereotype associated with Cascadia is, in fact, quite accurate." So here we have it: a culture of nature worshiping, lotus-eating Mariners' fans. Get ready for the Cascadian Renaissance.

In its weakness and lack of content, Cascadian "culture" seems very Canadian, i.e., virtually nonexistent. But in these days of the New World Order, this is considered a virtue: it means no resistance to the global monoculture and no barriers to its corporate tentacles. "In the new global economy," declares Professor Artibise, "national borders are less and less important." "Regions," he claims, "are on their own," and "the message is to think globally, but act locally (or regionally). In short, the modern world—especially technology—has transformed notions of territory, space and nation."

In other words, the victory of Cascadian regionalism is an inevitable consequence of technological development. Cascadian patriots on both sides of the border can therefore afford to be discreet. Instead of pushing their agenda all that loudly, or publicly, they work quietly, and doggedly, to accomplish their goals gradually. One of their projects is the Pacific Northwest Economic Region (PNWER), what Artibise describes as "a public-private partnership" run by a bipartisan Delegate Council and administered by a secretariat located in Seattle. PNWER has established nine working groups, where planners, businessmen, and government officials design regional policy. Apart from PNWER, there is a whole constellation of business and intergovernmental alliances, partnerships, and forums, which, adds Artibise, sponsor "a host of cross-border studies and research initiatives on such topics as the environment, tourism, the economy, the border, transportation, and governance." If Lamont is right, and British Columbia is admitted to the American Union tomorrow, then the bureaucratic infrastructure—the cross-networking of business and government in literally dozens of organizations, agreements, alliances, and informal "public-private" working groups—is already in place.

Union with British Columbia would change the demographics of the Pacific Northwest forever. Two million immigrants from the Third World will pour into Canada this decade, many of them Asian. More than 150,000 have so far settled in British Columbia, whose Lieutenant Governor is the first Chinese-Canadian to hold such a post. Across the border, Gary Locke, the first Chinese-American to be elected governor of a state, reflects a similar demographic trend; in Washington, the percentage of Asians and Pacific Islanders has increased nearly 60 percent since 1980, from 214,570 to more than 342,900, the largest increase of any ethnic group. Cascadia is already, in large part, a colony of the Chinese diaspora; in the event of a mass exodus from Hong Kong, as people and capital flee a communist crackdown, it could become a new (and safer) Taiwan on the east side of the Pacific Rim. Vancouver is already known as "Hongcouver" because of the influx of wealthy Hong Kong entrepreneurs; the city's population is now 20 percent Chinese. Economically as well as ethnically, British Columbia is increasingly linked to the Far East, with 60 percent of its exports destined for China, Japan, and Korea.

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All of this raises an interesting question: whether the greatest threat to the United States is not secessionism but *expansionism*, not states wanting out, but whole regions wanting *in*. No direct assault on American sovereignty is likely to succeed; if our old Republic is overthrown, it will be death by submersion in a "multicultural" continentalism. Although such a merger or series of mergers would shift the political center of the country decisively to the left, the Republicans would not only play along, but would doubtless lead the way. Amid jingoist displays, appeals to "national security," soaring rhetoric about "the future," and the glories of hi-tech, free trade, and the global society, the American identity would be quietly suffocated and discreetly buried, without ceremony, beneath the avalanche of freshly minted American citizens, millions of instant immigrants who did not have to lift a finger for their new-won entitlements.

In his mournful elegy for fractured Canada, Lamont writes that this terrible tragedy should "send the world a message of despair," for if Canada, long the model "multiethnic society," cannot survive, "the obvious question is, who can?" The lesson for the United States, he says, is ominous, for "if Canada, with more than a century of democratic governance, cannot hold, so the thinking in Washington goes, it raises questions about America's ability to hold its own sprawling union together: 'What then of Alaska, Hawaii, and other remote American territories where there is potential for independence movements?' a senior diplomat asks."

Far from admitting any new states to the union, we might consider getting rid of a few. Hawaii should never have been admitted to begin with; aside from the sordid history of America's conquest of the Hawaiian kingdom, it is a net drain on the U.S. Treasury. The same is true for Puerto Rico and all our other far-flung "dependencies." As for the Alaskans: if they want out, how will we keep them in? And regarding the Spanish-speaking secessionists in the American Southwest, Lamont scolds the Americans for not having listened when "responsible Canadians warned Americans that the United States was not immune to the stresses tearing Canada apart."

But it is not too late. Internationalism is the creed of the elites, but the people hate it. The cartographers of Cascadia, floating in cyberspace, are free to map out any future they can imagine. But the mindset of the policy-wonks in downtown Seattle is far removed from that of the ordinary Northwesterner, a point brought home to me at a Seattle gym. I had just joined, and it was my first workout. My former gym in San Francisco had marked the weights in kilograms, instead of pounds. At a loss, I asked the young lady on the next bench a seemingly innocent question: "Are these weights in kilograms or pounds?" Narrowing her eyes, she looked at me with utter contempt, and snarled: "This is *America*, buddy. We don't have any *kilograms* around *here*!" As she strode away, I smiled to myself, and thought: *I stand corrected.* c

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Poems

by Tim Murphy

Buffalo Commons

In Antler, Reeder,
Ryder and Streeter,
stray dogs bristle
when strangers pass.

In Brocket, Braddock,
Maddock and Wheelock
dry winds whistle
through broken glass.

The steeples are toppled
and the land unpeopled,
reclaimed by thistle
and buffalo grass.

Nothing Goes to Waste

Rearing on spindly legs
a pair of famished stags
nibble our apple twigs
while does heavy with fawn
file from the woods at dawn
and tiptoe across the lawn
to feast on orchard mast
scattered in harvest haste
before the first hard frost.
Nothing goes to waste.

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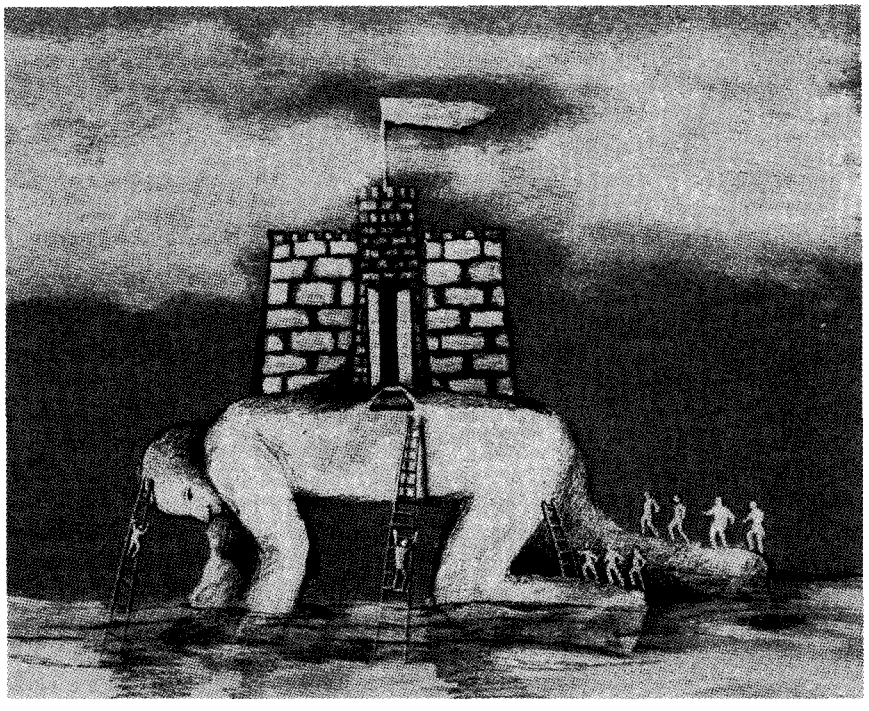
From Greeks to Gringos

Why Mexico Lost Texas

by William Murchison



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Among the terms of endearment applied to Americans who worry about present immigration policy is "xenophobe." This high-toned word normally precedes lower-toned ones—"racist," "bigot," "neo-Nazi," etc.—which take over as the exasperation level rises.

A "xenophobe" is someone who fears foreigners. Fears them why? No dictionary is competent to say. Every xenophobe doubtless has his own reasons. I raise the point not for Freudian but for analytical reasons. Xenophobia, whatever connotations the word may take on in the mouths of the liberal establishment, speaks to a reality of human existence: to wit, there are foreigners we'd damn sure better fear. Or at the very least keep an eye on.

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes—"I fear the Greeks even when they bear gifts." What a shame the Trojans in general lacked Laocoon's appreciation of the wooden horse situation. Caught with their xenophobia down, they lost everything. And the peoples of Central Asia in the time of Genghis Khan? They should have gone to bed affirming pluralism and brotherhood?

There is one modern example of a people whose xenophobia was too languid for their own good. I mean the Mexicans of the early 19th century. Had the Mexicans, and the Spanish before them, possessed the sense to shut out my buckskin-clad forbears, scratching themselves and smelling no doubt of bear grease, nudging their wagons through the piney forests of the Sabine region, or debarking on the sandy beaches of the Gulf Coast, Texas might be a different place today. That would not make me happy personally. There is every likelihood that in such an event I would be living in, say, North Carolina.

What Spain and Mexico lacked was a critical mass of xenophobes, ready, out of cultural pride, to point out the Gringo Peril, to close their minds fast to entreaties concerning brotherhood and diversity, to utter a curt but meaningful: No—*nunca, señores, nunca*. They didn't, and that's that. Still, the sibilant *sí* of 200 years ago, which ushered in the Gringo era, has residual resonance. And maybe more than that.

What the Spanish, and subsequently the Mexican, authorities did was open Texas to Anglo settlement—for entirely logical and understandable reasons. The Spanish policy began, indeed, in the Missouri country, around the time of the Declaration of Independence. The population of the Louisiana territory at that time comprised only 20,000 Europeans, mostly French, and Spain sensed the tenuousness of its hold on the place, what with Anglos rapidly establishing themselves in Kentucky. If the Anglos were going to come, asked Don Francisco Bouligny, commander of the Missouri area, might not they be domesticated by land grants and oaths of allegiance to the Spanish crown? The Spanish governor was amenable, actually deciding not to notice that few if any of these prospective new-

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comers were Catholic.

By 1787, the Spanish were actively recruiting Americans, and many accepted. The contrasting cultures lived peaceably enough. There was more than ample room for them. In any case, the Louisiana Purchase mooted the whole matter of cultural rivalry.

With no adverse experience in Louisiana to deter them, the Spanish found it logical to practice pluralism and diversity in Texas. Hard realities backed up this logic. In 1820, Felipe Enrique Neri, Baron de Bastrop, a Dutch-born colonizer, denoted two such reasons for the Spanish governor's consideration. One, Comanche Indians generally controlled the country north of Bexar (San Antonio) and east to the Sabine River. A few more Indian fighters, with a personal stake in winning, would not come amiss. Two, the Spanish and Mexicans clearly had no desire to live in Texas; more of them were moving out than moving in.

Baron de Bastrop spoke in support of the petition of an old friend, Moses Austin of Missouri, who in pre-Louisiana Purchase days had been regarded as a loyal subject of His Most Catholic Majesty. Moses Austin saw Texas as a new promised land. There he proposed to bring in hardworking settlers, grant them property, and watch civilization flourish. The hard-line military commander of the area, Arredondo, who had brutally but efficiently snuffed out republican uprisings, agreed. The right sort of Anglo-Americans—as opposed to the wrong sort, who earlier had made military forays into the area—would come in handy, militarily. If they happened to own slaves, so much the better. Property gave them a stake in peace and order. The Romans had reasoned similarly when they began recruiting barbarians into the army.

The Provincial Council in Monterrey had hopes that all would work out well. It said in a resolution: "Therefore, if to the first and principal requisite of being Catholics, or agreeing to become so, before entering Spanish territory they also add that of accrediting their good character and habits . . . and taking the necessary oath to be obedient in all things to the government, to take up arms in its defense against all kinds of enemies, and to be faithful to the King, and to observe the political institution of the Spanish monarchy, the most flattering hopes may be formed that (Texas) will receive an important augmentation in agriculture, industry, and arts by the new immigrants, who will introduce them." What more could a host government hope for? The appropriate oaths were sworn and, under the leadership of Moses Austin's gifted son Stephen (Moses having died), the new settlers tackled the land and the Indians.

By 1835, more than 1,500 American families had come to Texas under Austin's sponsorship. "In a single decade," writes historian T.R. Fehrenbach, "these people chopped more wood, cleared more land, broke more soil, raised more crops, had more children, and built more towns than the Spanish had in three hundred years." The experiment worked so well that other impresarios besides Austin were authorized to bring in their people. In addition, the border being unguarded, numerous Americans slipped in discreetly, without invitation. "Undocumented workers," or "illegal aliens," it would have been fair to call them.

The Anglo-American population of Texas rose to 20,000 by the mid-1830's (by which time independent Mexico had supplanted Spain as the colonial power). For every Spanish-speaking Texan, five spoke English. North of San Antonio, the ratio was one to 10. The seeds of discord had been planted.

The Mexicans had not feared these Greeks who bore the gifts of industry and outward loyalty. ("*Gringo*," coincidentally—the name often applied by Spanish-speakers to the Anglos—comes from the Spanish for Greek, "*Griego*.") Where were the xenophobes—the foreigner-fearers? Quiet or inactive, though with exceptions.

In an 1830 speech to a secret session of the Mexican Congress, a member said: "Mexicans! Watch closely, for you know all too well the Anglo-Saxon greed for territory. We have generously granted admission to these Nordics; they have made their homes with us, but their hearts are with their native land. We are continually in civil wars and revolutions; we are weak and know it—and they know it also. They may conspire with the United States to take Texas from us. From this time on, be on your guard!"

As we all know, such words proved prophetic. The Anglos played their part—and a valuable part it was—in Mexican society. But tensions and strains intensified. Cultural conflict set in.

No university sociologists existed at the time to explain away, or pooh-pooh, differences in cultural outlooks. There was—is—in fact a Hispanic way of looking at life; there was—and remains so, though in apologetic and watered-down form—a Northern European way. "If Nordics saw Latins as somewhat degenerate, tyrannical, slavish, and cruel," writes Fehrenbach, "Latins considered the Northerners arrant barbarians." Mexico's various coups and insurgencies, its frequent changes of government in the postcolonial period, "convinced North Americans that the Mexicans were an inferior race. It was impossible for Anglo-Americans to respect a people who could not rule themselves."

"The leadership of each nation," Fehrenbach says, "operated on a different plane of thought. Americans always made two basic assumptions: the American nation was more vigorous and certainly superior to the Mexican; and that the western lands in question were useless to Mexico, which had been unable to settle them. Americans expected Mexicans to accept both assumptions reasonably. But in reverse, the American assumption of superiority lacerated the immense Latin pride of the Mexicans, and the fact that their empire north of the Rio Grande *was* vulnerable suffused Mexicans with such fear and suspicion that it became almost phobia among the upper classes." Xenophobia at last! But too late. Ahead lay the Alamo and San Jacinto, and the Lone Star flag.

What is the lesson? To be careful who is let in through the front door, knowing that once the door is open, open it may remain. This is true no matter how noble, how broad-minded may be the intentions of hosts and guests alike. To begin with, one never knows what kinds of guests will follow the first set: how strong *their* commitment to concord and cooperation will be.

The peaceable and judicious Stephen F. Austin was not the Mexicans' problem. Nor were his colonists necessarily the problem. The dynamics he created in Texas—North Americans streaming in, bringing with them inevitably the manners and mores and viewpoints of their former home, coming to think of themselves less as guests than as rightful owners—that was the problem. What else was to be expected? The Spaniards, given the necessities of the frontier, had reason to worry more about the short run than the long run (in which, as Keynes a century later would dryly observe, we are all dead).

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The long run got to Texas faster and more furiously than anyone in the 1820's probably expected.

And today? There is some reverse symmetry. By the year 2030—the same time span that separates us from the Goldwater-Johnson presidential campaign—whites in Texas are projected to become a racial minority. I repeat: *a minority*. Blacks and Hispanics added together will outnumber and, theoretically at least, outvote them. This is chiefly because of the strong inflow of Mexicans, under way for more than two decades, coupled with the high Mexican birthrate. Texas' strong labor market, contrasted with their own country's weak one, makes Texas (like California) attractive to them. The Texans want restaurant and hotel workers, maids, gardeners, common laborers of all sorts. Well, here they are! They come with great ease, the Rio Grande border being notoriously porous. As with the North Americans, 175 years ago, many of the newcomers arrive legally; many sneak in any way they can. In 1990, according to the Census Bureau, nearly a million Mexicans living in Texas were born in Mexico. The figure is indisputably much larger now. As to how many are here under color of law—*¿quien sabes?*

The cases—Texas in 1821 and 1997—are not entirely comparable. For one thing, after almost 200 years of life lived together in a land of opportunity, Texas whites and Hispanics are reasonably well acquainted with each other: certainly far better acquainted than in the years leading up to San Jacinto. Cultural differences persist, many of them powerfully. On the other hand, no difference I know of makes the races want to duke it out—physically, culturally, whatever. The famous fight scene in *Giant*—Bick Benedict (Rock Hudson) battles on behalf of a humble Mexican family about to be ejected from a greasy-spoon café—was barely credible 40 years ago. If it were filmed today, allegedly concerning today's Texas, Texas audiences would roll their collective eyeballs.

In the days of racial segregation, when Southern blacks and whites attended different schools, Texas counted Mexicans as white. And how about this? The elected student council president of my junior high school in 1955, in a town where Mexicans were few and far between, was . . . Moses Ramirez.

So is fear of foreigners passé, a nightmare from unenlightened times? That would be the wrong conclusion to draw from a study of early 19th-century Texas history. There are and always have been foreigners we'd damn sure better fear. Or if not "fear," in the full, cold-sweaty, panic-stricken sense of that emotive word, how about "watch with healthy skepticism"? No marriage of Greek words expresses that sentiment with exactitude, but English can serve as well, if more garrulously, in this context.

Texas history gives us valuable pointers in the dynamics of immigration: how, for practical reasons, the established culture holds open the door for an outside culture to enter; how the outside culture, once inside, establishes itself; how growing numbers give to its voice timbre and depth and volume; how the outside culture maintains over the miles, many or few, its distinctive outlook; how that outlook, asserted strenuously enough, produces divisions and tensions that put the quest for power at the center of life. We all know what happens, do we not, when humans fall to feuding over power.

The expulsion of Mexican authority from Texas, in 1836, does not prefigure the expulsion of Anglo authority from Texas in 2036. But to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest (as the Book of Common Prayer would have it) that history lesson is the commonest of common sense. What lesson of life is plainer than that those who live life are not all alike; that in the age of political correctness, as in the age of imperialism, the world's peoples differ from each other; that differences, unreconciled, can explode into conflict?

Watch John Wayne and Richard Widmark in *The Alamo*. On general principles I recommend the experience.

LIBERAL ARTS

CAN'T TRUST WHITEY

"I never really trust the kind of white people who are always so anxious to hang around Negroes, or . . . whites who love having Negroes always hanging around them. I don't know—this feeling may be a throwback to the years when I was hustling in Harlem and all of those red-faced, drunk whites in the afterhours clubs were always grabbing hold of some Negroes and talking about 'I just want you to know you're just as good as I am—' And then they got back in their taxicabs and black limousines and went back downtown to the places where they lived and worked, where no blacks except servants had better get caught."

—*from the* Autobiography of Malcolm X

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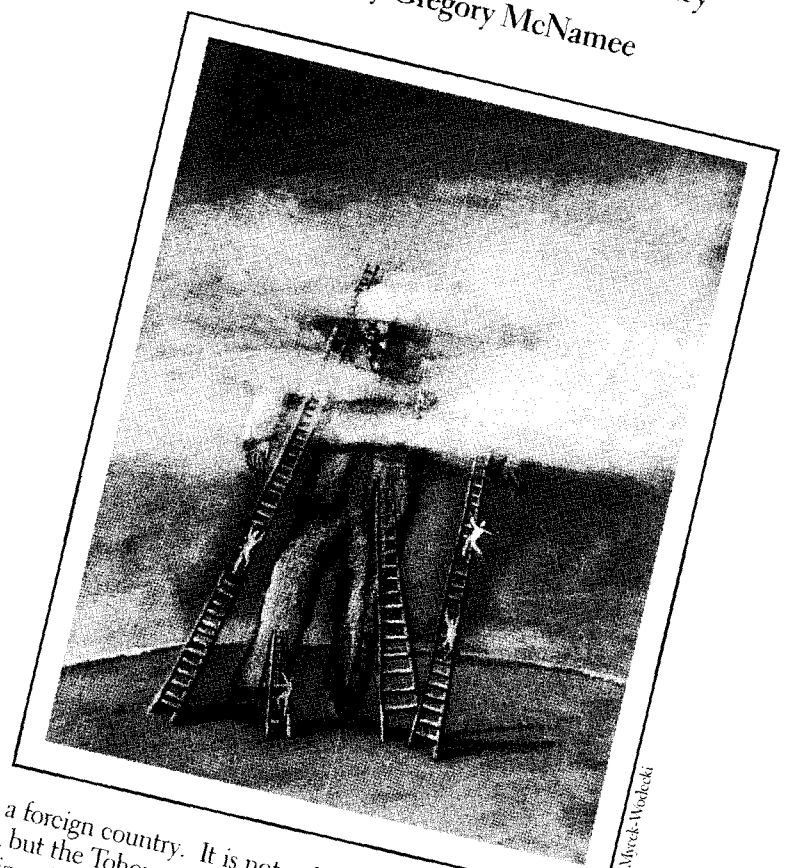
Reservation Blues

Notes From Indian Country

by Gregory McNamee



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Just outside Tucson, Arizona, lies a foreign country. It is not Mexico, although that is close by, but the Tohono O'odham Nation, an Indian reservation the size of Connecticut that is home to some 30,000 people. Larger than many countries, the Tohono O'odham Nation is a place of astonishing and austere beauty. Seldom visited, it harbors countless nearly pristine Sonoran Desert landscapes, giving visitors a glimpse of what the country around Tucson and Phoenix once looked like.

Lacking easily extracted resources, it is, like many other Indian centers, also stunningly poor. Its capital, Sells, lacks monuments apart from a water tower or two; its roads are lined with blowing trash and roadkills; its vernacular architecture of mesquite-branch and saguaro-rib huts has given way to double-wide trailers and government prefabs. For all its natural beauty, the nation is a grim place to spend time. "If they saw how we lived out here," a Tohono O'odham man said to me on a recent visit, "those New Agers wouldn't be so damn eager to join us Indians."

The Tohono O'odham Nation was accorded federal recognition and protection in the early years of this century, joining a roster of a few hundred affiliated clans, tribes, and communities. Many of those polities date to the first days of the Republic, when nationhood was awarded to Indian groups that had fought against the British and French. The reward was half-hearted to begin with: the Jeffersonian ideal of an ethnic European homeland of freeholders did not admit the diversity of Indian cultures, and the nations were pressured from the first to abandon their territorial claims and assimilate into the dominant society. Those who did not do so were made to give up their holdings and move west beyond the Mississippi; when the closing of the frontier made Western relocation impossible, then those who did not wish to become Americans would simply have to perish. From the outset, both Indians and Americans quickly realized, as Francis Paul Prucha notes in *The Great Father*, that the Indians did not have much of a bargaining position without being able to play one European power against another, as in colonial times. Indeed, one federal criterion for determining whether an Indian group indeed constitutes a nation is whether it has maintained "political influence over its members as an autonomous entity throughout history up to the present," a definition that would exclude most peoples elsewhere in the world from national status—and that for a long while helped disenfranchise many Indian peoples, members of tribes, and groups that had been broken.

And so the Indians became citizens of the United States, but citizens with a few distinct privileges and many more distinct disadvantages. Their status, and that of their nations, seems always to be at issue; shifting federal policies assure that this confusion is systemic. Throughout federal history, one generation of Indians was seen as likely candidates for "termination," in the unfortunate official parlance, without benefit of federal

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largess; the next was seen, paternalistically, as capable of being nothing more than wards of the state. This is not ancient history; it characterizes federal Indian policy from the end of World War II to the present.

In this definitional back-and-forth, no one is quite sure what the Indian nations are meant to be. Are they sovereign states? Federal protectorates? Ethnic homelands? Reserves of unique cultures, languages, value systems? Our confusion has yielded a sorry present state of affairs, in which the Indian nations are held to be sovereign—but only somewhat. The federal government determines the nature of that sovereignty and its extent, which makes it a curious sovereignty indeed.

Wards of the state these nations truly are. Twelve executive departments of the federal government now have responsibility of one sort or another for administering Indian nations, reservations, and communities. Ever squabbling over jurisdiction, these departments are mostly successful only in making certain that Indian Country remains an overlooked province, afflicted by corruption, malfeasance, and despair. The Indian nations are grim and hopeless places to be, and a significant number of Indians do their best to stay away from them, living in urban centers far from their ancestral lands.

But things are quickly changing. Indian movements across the country are mounting to call for increased self-government. Thanks to the mixed curse-and-blessing of Indian gambling, which has swept the country in just the last decade, dozens of communities are for the first time becoming economically self-reliant, funded by the moron taxes paid by visitors to the slots and tables. And many Indian communities are closing themselves to outsiders, a cardinal sin in the age of culture as commodity, and one that has caused no end of complaints from the tourist industry.

Unfriendly though the gesture may be, the Indian communities opting for greater distance from the dominant culture are right to do so. Claude Lévi-Strauss correctly remarked, in *Tristes Tropiques*, that the beginning of the end for many Native communities was the moment a foreigner first stepped in to study or administer them—or sell them liquor, drugs, religion. It is something of an anachronism in this wired world to pretend that the larger world does not exist, but many Indian communities have little choice. If they do not, the larger world—that is, the unhealthful society in which the rest of us are caught—will likely eat them alive.

Some separatists question whether Indians and whites can ever truly live together. Sherman Alexie, a Spokane/Kootenai writer, says as much in his recent novel *Indian Killer*. Set in Seattle, after Los Angeles and New York the urban capital of Indian America, Alexie's book centers on questions of identity, on who is and is not properly Indian. Its protagonist, John Smith, is a Navajo given up for adoption years earlier and raised by sympathetic and well-meaning, but in the end uncomprehending, white foster parents. Smith fits all the profiles: a hulking giant, he is a loner, shunning the company of his fellow high-steel construction workers, avoiding conversation and contact. He also hears voices, has violent dreams, and is haunted by ghosts. Alone on the streets, he has visions of nursing at hollow breasts, of tossing his foreman from Seattle's tallest skyscraper. Indian by blood but deprived of his culture from birth, surrounded by happiness but with no way to attain it, he has but one way to redeem his identity. "John," Alexie tells us, "needed to kill a white man."

He has plenty of targets, straw men like a blustering talkshow host named Truck Schultz (read Rush Limbaugh), wannabe Indians, New Agers, academics, unreconstructed Indian haters and lovers alike. In the chain of violence that follows the advent of a serial murderer whom the police and press dub the Indian Killer, the sins of fathers are visited on their children everywhere. White vigilantes patrol the Seattle streets, fueled by Schultz's exhortations. Indians hunt Anglos. All aim to beat history lessons into each other, to lay hold of the truth with pistol and baseball bat.

> Indian movements across the country are mounting to call for increased self-government.

As a moral vision, *Indian Killer* is uncomplicated. Its white characters are either naive or vicious. Alexie's Indians are better people in every way; one or two may be prone to violence, but, he suggests, always justifiably. Indeed, one of the recurring arguments in the book is whether the so-called Indian Killer can possibly be an Indian at all. One character reasons, "While black and brown men are at war with each other, their automatic gunfire filling the urban night, the white men were hunting their own mothers, lovers, daughters." A serial killer must therefore by definition be white.

The real world, of course, is much slipperier than all that, and real racism operates much more subtly. It's a game open to all comers, and Alexie does no one any favors by suggesting that "white" means "devil." Nonetheless, in many corners of Indian Country that view is common. Because of it, and its Indian-hating counterpart, Indian-Anglo relations are still covered in blood.

Much of the new separatism derives from Indian Vietnam War veterans, the subject of Tom Holm's *Strong Hearts, Wounded Souls*. Most Indians in Vietnam, he writes, were assigned to "nontechnical military occupations"—that is, frontline combat assignments—through the assumption that they were likely to be braver and better fighters than soldiers from other ethnic groups. Indians were thus put in the most dangerous positions in battle. They suffered disproportionate casualties as a result, and they came home angry.

When they returned from Vietnam, the warriors also found themselves ignored, both individually and as a group. They were troubled by their role in the conflict. "I heard story after story about Vietnamese saying to Indians, 'You, me, same-same,'" Holm recalls. "The raids on villages, rounding up civilians to put them on reservations, the whole colonial thing—well, this unconnected a lot of guys. They began to wonder what they were fighting for." The war thus radicalized many Indian veterans, and it was they who founded groups like the influential American Indian Movement, they who led the occupations of Alcatraz and Wounded Knee.

Their radicalism has lost much of its angry edge with time, if only, Holm writes, because American Indian veterans "are fast

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becoming elders themselves and perhaps better able to subordinate their egos to the continuity of their societies and cultures—exactly as the warriors did in the past." With that maturation has come a more reflective militancy: a new insistence on educational and cultural improvement, new and reasonably put demands for independence and self-rule, and new recognition that, in the face of an alternatively indifferent and meddlesome government, Indians must take responsibility for their own fate.

The message is spreading, and with it is coming a resurgence in what can only be called self-esteem. One hopeful expression is an apparent decline in alcohol and drug abuse in Indian communities, at least the ones I have visited in the last few months. Another is in independent Indian actions to promote intertribal unity without government involvement. A notable instance of this grassroots work began last year, when 30 runners set out from the Athapaskan Indian village of Chickaloon, Alaska, and headed south, ending their journey in Mexico City five months later. There they joined 30 South American Indians who ran northward from Punta del Fuego, Argentina, in late April. Intended to be a quadrennial event to coincide with the Olympic Games, the run promoted "the unification of the peoples of the condor and the eagle"—that is, the indigenous peoples of South and North America.

The runners traveled from Indian nation to Indian nation, carrying the message of native pride and self-improvement to groups that normally have few outside visitors. Averaging ten hours a day on the road, covering as much as 80 miles in a single session, the runners had several reasons for undertaking their quest. "Most are on a spiritual search of some kind," a runner named Horse told me last summer, when the group passed through a reservation south of Tucson. "Others are running to discover their roots, or to see some country, or to make a statement about civil rights. But as a group, I'd say we're on a healing run meant to unify Indian nations throughout the Americas. It's not a protest movement by any means, but one of cultural regeneration."

That regeneration came at a cost to the runners, not only in sheer miles and buckets of sweat, but also in the simple economics of taking so many people from place to place. The runners had ample opportunities to lighten their financial burden and even profit from their unusual exercise: sports-equipment and outdoor-supplies manufacturers, Hollywood celebrities, politicians all came courting. But the runners were determined to keep their journey an event beholden to no one. "If we sought publicity, we'd get a lot of it, I think," Horse told me. "What we're doing is important, and people want to know about it. But we don't want to be co-opted by some corporation looking for us to say good things about their products—or some political movement riding on our coattails."

If Indian activists can in fact stay away from corporations and politicians, they will be doing better than most Americans. This is no guarantee, of course, that they can ever attain true sovereignty, the nationhood that so many of them desire. Almost certainly the federal government, mired in bureaucratic in-fighting and near-criminal negligence, will be of little help. Charged in 1973, after all, to correct what a congressional inquiry concluded was "the sorry state of Indian affairs," the government has seemed content to consider those affairs pretty much an afterthought. The federal entities responsible for addressing those issues have essentially been left to their own devices, without adequate oversight; it came as no surprise to many observers when it was revealed last year that the Bureau of Indian Affairs could not account for $2.4 billion in funds earmarked for tribal uses through the sale or lease of timber, minerals, water, oil, and land. The money, the agency said, was not necessarily missing—it just could not be found.

There are no easy solutions to what has been given the uneasy handle "the Indian problem," solutions that may help grant Indians the independence they desire and deserve, and that may help end federal dependency. I would propose one immediately, however: and that is to remove Indians from the purview of the Department of Interior, where they are ranked along with plants, animals, minerals, and other objects found in the historic American landscape. Interior is perhaps no worse than other departments of the federal government, full of individual men and women of good will but headed by careerist administrators whose principal activities are feathering their own nests; still, to reclassify Indians with other human beings would be a start. (In Thomas Jefferson's day, Indian affairs were the charge of the War Department, which at least gave a clear view of where Indians stood.)

Throwing more dollars at cosmetic solutions is the last thing that is needed. It has been the stated policy of the government for many years to encourage economic self-sufficiency among the Indian nations. Yet, as former commissioner of Indian Affairs William Hallett remarked of a massive program of federal spending throughout the 1960's and 70's, "What dollars did not buy was substantive economic development. And if this trend continues, tribes may become overwhelmingly dependent upon direct and indirect federal subsidies. That would be a tragedy for both the Indian people and the nation." That tragedy has come to pass.

It is time to unmake it. A truly radical, utterly controversial step might be for the government to make a massive one-time payment in reparation for war crimes, treaty violations, the whole host of official ills that has been visited through history on the Indian peoples. Something of this sort happened in 1977, when the government paid $81.5 million to the descendants of the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot tribes of New England, dispossessed for generations but now, not surprisingly, self-sufficient. Multiplied by hundreds of enrolled Indian tribes and communities, a settlement of this kind would quickly add up to a staggering sum. It could bring an end to other federal spending, however, and in any event it would be a better economic deal than any conquered people in history has received.

A couple of months ago, while visiting a remote canyon in the Dine Bikeyah of the Navajo Nation, I fell into conversation with a fine young man, an artist and entrepreneur, who asked me whether I knew much about the Internet. I do much of my work in cyberspace, I told him, to which he replied, "Yeah, I want to put up a home page on the Web to advertise my silver jewelry. Lots of people have told me that my business could really grow." If his home only had electricity, I thought, he would be well on his way to independence. If the federal government is to maintain its tenuous hold over the Indian nations, then it had better see to it that funds are invested in real development: in roads, bridges, decent housing, decent schools. Given an adequate economic infrastructure, Indians can, I am confident, flourish on their own. It will be costly for the larger society to make this possible—but less costly, in the end, than maintaining the present dependence of sovereign states that are not sovereign at all.

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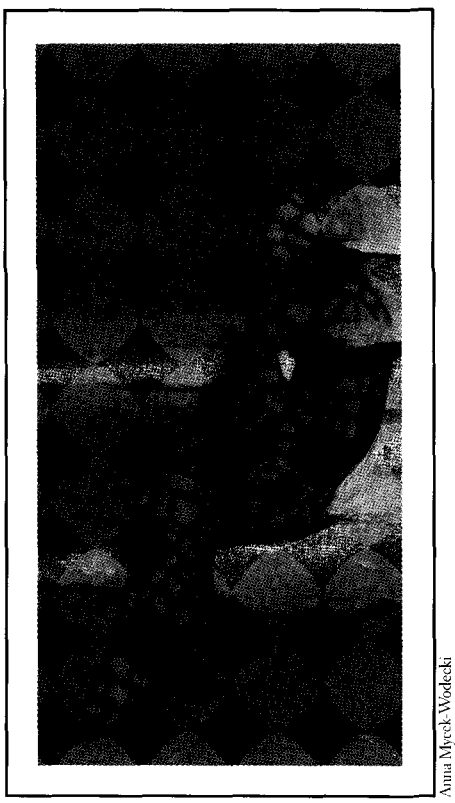
The Character of Stonewall Jackson

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

"Look, men, there is Jackson standing like a stone wall! Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer! Follow me!"
—General Bernard E. Bee, C.F.A.,
shortly before falling, mortally wounded,
in First Manassas

Stonewall Jackson: The Man, the Soldier, the Legend
by James I. Robertson, Jr.
New York: Macmillan;
950 pp., $40.00

The era of the War for Southern Independence illuminates the present time for what it is, and is not. As J.O. Tate has said, "Everything in American history went into the Civil War, and everything since has come out of it." Americans who agree with a well-known American magazine editor, now retired, that the crucial event in the national history is as irrelevant as the Wars of the Roses, probably ought not to be permitted to vote. It is just possible, however, that of those Americans who know that a war was fought at all, or when it was fought, a majority considers it worth knowing about. The publishers' catalogues for the past several seasons list a substantial number of big books (Mr. Robertson's included) about the Civil War, and Shelby Foote's three-volume masterpiece, completed almost a quarter-century ago, is prominently displayed in most bookstores. Interest in the Late Unpleasantness shows no sign of diminishing; indeed it may well be increasing. It is tempting to speculate on the reasons for this. Surely the Second Reconstruction that leftists waged against the South in the 1950's and 60's has something to do with it. So does the current campaign, prosecuted by cynical politicians,



Anna Myck-Wodecki

black and white, to wipe every reminder of the Confederacy from the national consciousness, and also from the memory and awareness of Southern localities for whom it remains the defining element in their histories. With its legal and rhetorical onslaughts against the Citadel and the Virginia Military Institute (where Stonewall Jackson taught for ten years), the Bonnie Blue Flag, the Stars and Bars, state flags, state songs, and Confederate license plates, the left consistently generates the moral indignation it ordinarily expends on victims. Listening to it and watching it in action, one can almost believe that Grant *had* been drinking at Appomattox.

If a renewed preoccupation with Civil War history really is occurring, could it be a natural reaction to our contemporary civil barometer, which has been falling for decades and is now dropping like a rock? Do we hear new firebells in the night in response to judicial tyranny, intimidating acts by the FBI and terroristic ones by the BATF, and the rise of the militias? In the summer of 1860 Major Jackson and his wife spent some weeks at Norwood, Massachusetts, where the Virginia couple sensed "unhospitable elements" among the New Englanders who were their fellow guests at a popular water-cure establishment. This kind of social uncomfortableness is something with which contemporary Americans are increasingly familiar. Comparisons between the antebellum conflict over slavery and the late-20th century impasse regarding abortion, though the parallel is scarcely an exact one, have become trite. Yet abortion is only part of the broader picture, as slavery was also. When the Reverend Richard John Neuhaus devoted a recent issue of *First Things* to a symposium on the moral legitimacy of the American government, many readers, including certain of the magazine's contributing editors, reacted as if the editor had touched off the first gun in Second Fort Sumter. The truth is, if the cultural and political divide in America today were drawn along regional or sectional lines rather than on social and economic ones, the Second American Civil War would have been declared long ago. This is a notion that certain people find terrifying—too terrifying, it seems, to

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contemplate. Others of us are made more sanguine, even sanguinary, by the thought.

At the time of the War for Southern Independence the American polity, having reached its apex with the Constitutional Convention of 1787 in Philadelphia, was already in decline. American civilization, however—North and South—was in many respects in its fullest flower, a product of the colonial past brought to full maturity and unblighted as yet by the vulgarity, coarseness, and abstraction of industrial empire. I refer skeptics or dissenters to the record, the primary literature, of the Civil War period. That a modern-day reader can find solace in the history of his country's hitherto greatest crisis as a people—not least for the nobility and heroism that our forebears were forcefully engaged in displaying a brief 130-something years ago—is testimony to the terrible condition of that country today. Southerners and Northerners, Union and Confederate, officers and enlisted soldiers, the men who fought the War Between the States were men indeed; offspring of a culture in which physical strength and stamina, resourcefulness, courage, and stoicism were balanced by cultivation, a little learning, fluency in self-expression (written and spoken), and the gentlemanly gentleness that used to be called gentility. These qualities were reciprocal, and reciprocated. Men who had been compatriots only months or a few years before remained brothers across the lines: the tragedy of this bungled unnecessary war is never more poignant than in the scores of instances, from First Manassas to Nashville, in which warriors paid homage to the bravery of their opponents—sometimes, as at Gettysburg, to the point of cheering them forward. It may be too much to say that the American Civil War, the first war in which troops (Jackson's) were transported by train to the front and the first that experienced trench warfare, was also the last major war to which the character of the combatants was intrinsic. But not by a lot.

A rigid, duty-driven, almost painfully serious man, Thomas Jonathan Jackson appears at first look as one of the war's less chivalric commanders, more a model of the modern military man established, perhaps, by Cromwell. As a fighter, General Jackson was all business. Rather than praise the valor of opposing troops, he once remarked to a subordinate who had expressed regret at having to shoot gallant men in action that he would kill every man, as he did not wish the enemy to be brave. At least one review of Robertson's book I have seen speaks of a contradiction between Jackson's relentlessness in battle, and his stern piety. In fact there was no contradiction on account of that very sternness, as I think Robertson himself would agree. Unlike Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson was no Tidewater aristocrat but an orphan from the hill country of northwestern Virginia, where he led a lonely hardscrabble existence before winning admission to West Point Academy. Taciturn and shabby beneath an old forage cap—he wore his blue VMI faculty uniform into the early months of the war, at the risk of drawing friendly fire—Jackson forewent Lee's quiet elegance in dress, even more Jeb Stuart's sartorial flamboyance. In many ways, he was more of a Roundhead than a Cavalier, whose strict Presbyterianism translated in the American setting as a Southern type of New England Puritanism. Jackson had hoped that war might be averted; when it came, he understood the crisis in theological terms. The infidel North intended the destruction of his sacred homeland, a country entrusted by God with His purpose. "Now," Robertson says, "he could begin the long but holy task of lifting the Almighty's scourge from the country and obtaining God's blessing on the most faithful side." However, as a professional military officer Jackson was acutely aware of the disadvantages the Confederacy was under in its defiance of the United States of America. "We cannot stand a long war," he told his wife. Yet the price of defeat was terrible. "I myself see in this war, if the North triumph," his brother-in-law recalled him saying, "a dissolution of the bonds of all society. It is not alone the destruction of our property, but the prelude to anarchy, infidelity, and the ultimate loss of free responsible government on this continent." Therefore, the South must not lose.

And so Jackson urged upon Lee that small bands of Confederate troops be organized to mount a series of invasions to the north, holding cities for ransom, paroling prisoners, attacking and retreating everywhere. "I would make it hot for our friends at *their* homes and firesides, all the way to Kansas." In laying his proposal before Lee, Jackson, as Robertson observes, "was advocating ruthless, uncompromising war with the enemy. His precedent was the Old Testament; his justification was the freedom of the God-loving people of the South," who after all were fighting a purely defensive war. At bottom, he was arguing that a weaker government could not defeat a far more powerful one, using the means of conventional warfare. "That premise," Robertson remarks, "was current but unacceptable to Confederate authorities." Therefore, deprived of the chance to pursue what he considered the most effective and economical (in lives as in materiel) of possible strategies, Jackson was for hitting hard—killing every man—that the war might end as soon as possible, and the troops on both sides return to their homes and families. Jackson's own wife, Anna, gave birth to his only child to survive a few months before the events at Chancellorsville.

One aspect of Jackson's faith is, undeniably, disturbing. On a night late in 1862, while the destruction of the railroad between Harpers Ferry and Winchester was in progress, Jackson had a long conversation with Surgeon Hunter McGuire about religion. "I have no fears whatever that I shall ever fall under the wrath of God," he stated. "I am as certain of my acceptance, and heavenly reward, as that I am sitting here." Jackson's assuredness on this point suggests the degree to which his admired, and admirable, righteousness pressed close upon self-righteousness, as it did on a number of occasions in his life and career. Most godly, even saintly, men and women, profoundly conscious of the inevitability of human sinfulness defiling those lives most humbly, conscientiously, and heroically dedicated to doing the will of God, have felt reason to fear falling under God's wrath. That Jackson believed divine punishment, in the case of himself, to be unimaginable is less suggestive of the unshakableness of his Presbyterian faith than of its imperfect formation.

That is, however, a personal consideration. The broader one has to do with Jackson's devotion to the Cause. For Stonewall Jackson the fact of his being a God-fearing man and his country a God-fearing nation produced the unquestioned, and unquestionable, conclusion that God was a Confederate. Now it may be that this sort of theological and moral certainty is necessary to men confronted by the intense suffering, priva-

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tion, and sacrifice that war demands of them; also to their families at home. On the other hand, it is always bad theology—even if God *is* a Confederate. In our day of banished religion, relativistic morals, weak principles, and loss of nerve, the reality of a government supremely confident in the rightness of the society it represents, and a society equally well-assured of itself, appears to us as a dream too good to be true. Yet such self-assurance may have contributed crucially to the South's weakest element, its quality of brittleness. No individual, and no country, should be too confident of having read God's will aright. It is doubtful that the more sophisticated Lee shared his subaltern's unblinkered faith in the Southern cause, since he himself opposed the war until the moment when Mr. Lincoln sent federal troops across the Potomac and, in its closing months, confided to his son the belief that his compatriots would live to regret secession—and soon. The Confederacy had legal, constitutional, and moral right on its side; also, as the more civilized of the two opposing cultures, it had the more humane vision, slavery or no slavery. But did God really wish the Confederacy to win the war? For that matter, did He hope to see the Union—the future bastion of abortion, napalm, and criminalized prayer—the victor? Who knows what God wants? What we do know is that the South lost its bloody bid for independence, and that with the death of Stonewall Jackson—shot *by his own men* in the Wilderness around Chancellorsville—shocked and grieving Southerners wondered, for the first time, whether God might really acquiesce in their defeat. Something else we know: that triumph, in this world, is only rarely a sign of the Lord's favor, but rather its opposite.

James Robertson's *Stonewall Jackson* is a long book with too-short paragraphs and a spare, plain style that exactly suits its reticent, laconic, supremely heroic subject. It is a splendid addition to the enormous literature on the Lost Cause that never was lost, the conclusive war that did not end but has continued to the present day when it continues to be fought, under different flags (some of them), and in a multiplicity of forms and guises.

Great TOPICS, Great ISSUES

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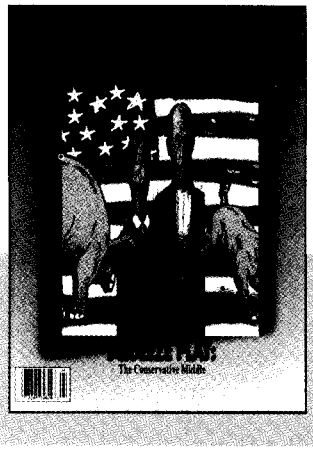

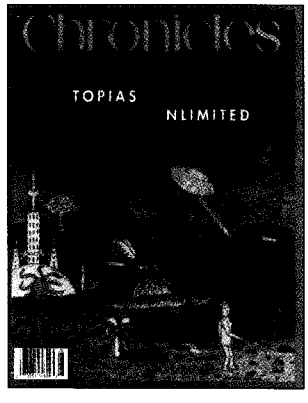

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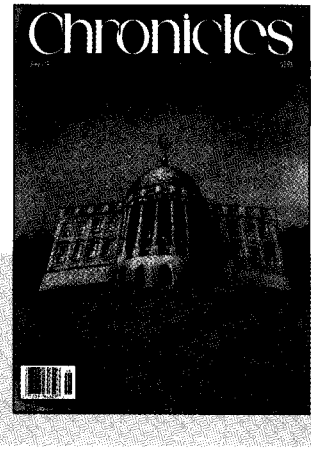

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In Hoc Signo Vinces

by Collie Owens

Uncertain Glory: Lee's Generalship Re-Examined
by John D. McKenzie
New York: Hippocrene Books;
384 pp., $29.95

◆

Tactical strengths and strategic weaknesses mark John D. McKenzie's reassessment of Robert E. Lee's generalship. The strengths of this book are many. The weaknesses, however, undercut the very point that the author attempts to make: namely, that Lee was at best an average military leader, and that Lee's apologists have given us a biased view of the great man. Moreover, the book is informed by certain unstated philosophical presuppositions of which the reader needs to be aware.

What is more, proofreading and double-checking of facts does not seem to be the forte of the editors at Hippocrene Books. Misspelled words are the most annoying problem, and they increase in number as one progresses through the book: Chattahoochee (p. 258), Oostanaula (p. 263), Kennesaw (p. 264), Manassas (p. 320), infection (p. 335), and cannon (several times) are all misspelled. Furthermore, the index is sketchy and unreliable. This lack of precision in a book whose thesis is based on the precision of numbers tends to undermine confidence in the author's argument.

It is true, as McKenzie claims, that Lee's reputation was exaggerated by Southern historians from 1870 to 1940. Lee has been a saint, an icon, almost a demigod in the mythic imagination of the South for well over a century. A correction of this viewpoint is surely overdue. After such elevation, iconoclasm is inevitable: the postmodern outlook specializes in deconstruction and demolition. While McKenzie's book will infuriate some, for Southern partisans like myself it might, on steady reflection, be considered an ironic antidote to postmodern materialism itself.

That *Uncertain Glory* appears even as a reconsideration of James Longstreet's generalship is under way (see William G. Piston's *Lee's Tarnished Lieutenant*) is no accident, for the two Confederate leaders' reputations have been linked since at least the 1870's. Southern historians have long blamed Longstreet for the defeat at Gettysburg. Clearly, however, the defeat stemmed from Lee's frontal assault and not in any hesitation on Longstreet's part. When, after the war, Longstreet turned Republican, the vilification of the man was bitter; so bitter, in fact, that Longstreet until recently was the only high-ranking Confederate officer whose memory was not honored by statuary. Thus McKenzie's book is a useful corrective to the skewed reputations of these two talented warriors.

McKenzie argues forcefully that Lee's tactics and strategies—and those of almost all other Civil War generals, North and South—were based on military assumptions received from the Napoleonic Wars and, especially, the Mexican War. Yet, advancing arms technology, rifled musket and cannon in particular, had made these older strategies obsolete. That elder generals on both sides were slow to appreciate the destructive power of the new technology is undeniably true; the generals, Union and Confederate, who rose to prominence on both sides were the younger ones able to modify tactics to take advantage of changed circumstances. Of these, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan on the Union side, and Jackson and Forrest on the Confederate, are clear examples.

In regard to the futility of direct assault on heavily defended positions, McKenzie is on target. Pickett's Charge was without doubt Lee's most disastrous tactical blunder, and may be considered the turning point of the war. Whether this single military order was emblematic of Lee's generalship is another matter. McKenzie's insistence on the superiority of a defensive stance against increased and longer-range firepower is justified by a few examples, including Grant's attack at Cold Harbor and the Battle of Kennesaw Mountain. As I walk the killing fields of Kennesaw National Battlefield Park, near my home, I often wonder why Sherman attacked an enemy so well entrenched. The earthworks, still visible in some places, were extensive. The so-called Dead Angle at Cheatham Hill earned its name, as far as the Union soldiers were concerned. Only a flanking movement, typical of Sherman, forced Joseph E. Johnston out of his works, back to the Smyrna-Ruff's Mill line, and into the Atlanta fortifications. McKenzie's criticism of what he considers to be excessively aggressive tactics is reinforced when one compares the relatively light casualties suffered by Johnston, the master of defense, during the Georgia campaign with the appalling losses of his successor, the audaciously belligerent John Bell Hood who squandered an army in reckless attacks and lost Atlanta for the Confederacy. (Interestingly, Hood was a *young* general.)

Perhaps the most outstanding merit of this volume is its meticulous marshaling of statistics, eyewitness accounts, and other primary sources. McKenzie has assembled an impressive battery of information from the *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, and other materials. His basic contention, based on these sources, is that Lee was a poor general whose Virginian provincialism, urge to offensive tactics, and old-fashioned view of battle made victory impossible for the Confederacy. Other historians, however, are likely to reach different conclusions, based on the same evidence. McKenzie's contribution to the debate is that he has marched new (or largely forgotten) facts to front and center where they can be inspected by historians and Civil War enthusiasts alike.

While the tactical gains of this book through a fresh look at the facts of Lee's generalship are striking, the strategic losses incurred by a weak perspective on them reveal the author's own bias and limitation. The Lost Cause was consigned to the grave in 1865. But no cause is ultimately lost, or dead, if it has the stamp of truth on it. Glory, by its nature, is never uncertain.

Collie Owens is an assistant professor of English at DeKalb College, where he is also poetry editor of the Chattahoochee Review.

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Reflections in Miniature

by Paul Gottfried

Hoods and Saints: The Extreme Right in Pennsylvania, 1925-1950
by Philip Jenkins
Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press;
323 pp., $29.95

◆

Philip Jenkins' book is a gold mine of information on pro-fascist and pro-Nazi groups in Pennsylvania during the 1930's. Jenkins makes informative distinctions among the various bearers of *Camicie fasciste*, differentiating silver, khaki, black, and brown shirts and explaining the significance of each. He is also careful not to exaggerate the importance of any of the groups he studies—including the Pennsylvania Ku Klux Klan—explaining that these groups, singly or collectively, were never in a position to influence significantly the national government, and that even within Pennsylvania, they exercised only limited regional power. What they did do, according to Jenkins, was to strengthen a conspiratorial view of political life that Richard Hofstadter called the "paranoid style" of American politics, beginning with the Populists. According to Jenkins, this same quest for hidden enemies, which Hofstadter identified with rural and small-town America a century ago, characterized the right-wing extremism found in interwar Pennsylvania and supposedly left its imprint on the anticommunist politics of the postwar era, where Jenkins' study breaks off. "After 1946 fanatical anti-Communism became a sine qua non of the participation in American public life." Moreover, "the far Right tradition should not be dismissed too lightly, if only because many of its basic assumptions became political orthodoxy after 1946." "With the crucial exception of anti-Semitism," these assumptions "were firmly rooted in the mainstream by 1956."

Jenkins offers reasons, however, why the American interwar right never amounted to much by itself. For one thing, the pro-fascist right in the United States, as typified by its activities in Pennsylvania, was divided by religious, cultural, and political differences. While its members could agree on disliking communists and, in some cases, blaming Marxism and capitalist greed on the Jews, they also revealed profound cleavages: e.g., between Protestant nativist anti-Catholic Klansmen and the predominantly Catholic National Union for Social Justice and the Order of the Sons of Italy, or between the anti-New Dealers and Christian corporatist followers of Father Charles Coughlin.

Though such intense differences could be papered over by appeals to shared European models, or by calls for a Christian America, Jenkins' survey of the far right in this particular place and time makes one wonder how much real unity existed among its components. He suggests that countervailing forces were always stronger than the pro-fascist attitudes he describes, from general support for the American regime to anti-Nazi Catholic prelates, and in Philadelphia to the operations of a conservative, anticommunist newspaper owned by the Jewish Annenberg family. Throughout the late 1930's and into the 50's, *The Inquirer* opposed the anti-Semitic right, from right of center. Most importantly, unlike in Eastern and Central Europe, anti-Semitism was never a major cultural or political force in the United States, and certainly it was not something around which a national party could be built. But even in Europe—and this is a point not noted by Jenkins—what lent weight to the anti-Semitic right and the anti-Semitic left was the rise and expansion of Nazi Germany. Latin fascism was not intrinsically anti-Semitic, and anti-Semitism in Eastern Europe would not have become disastrous without Nazi armies and Nazi influence. Neither of these factors counted for much in the United States, despite the FBI-infiltrated German-American Bund and other pro-Nazi groups discussed in Jenkins' book.

Two critical points need to be made about this work, for a balanced assessment. One, Jenkins does not contextualize his subject sufficiently. While he considers historical circumstances bearing on the political culture of interwar Pennsylvania, he does not examine those circumstances closely enough. The anticapitalist, anti-Semitic, and anticommunist views that came together on the interwar revolutionary right belong to a particular place and epoch. The convergence of these views was characteristic of a certain phase of European politics and marked the struggle between communists and anticommunists from the Bolshevik Revolution through World War II. Anti-Semitism was a critical aspect of the anticommunist side, at least in Eastern and Central Europe. There it was possible to tap older sources of an already ingrained prejudice by emphasizing the role played by Jewish socialists in establishing and securing Bolshevik rule. The prominence of other Jews in international finance and industrialization created the chance to blame world Jewry for capitalist, as well as communist, oppression. This was foundational, as the Israeli Francophone historian Zeev Sternhelle showed, for forming a right-left coalition based on dislike for Jewish capitalists and Jewish communists. It also gave rise to an anticapitalist and often fervently nationalist politics that was directed against Jews and communists alike. On the other side, there were—and still are—conflicted Jewish capitalists with leftist sympathies like Armand Hammer, Robert Maxwell, and Felix Rohatyn. This continued presence of wealthy Jews on the anticapitalist left may be partly a reaction to interwar anti-Semitism, which treated as a single foe Jewish communism and Jewish capitalism.

Jenkins should have done more with the interwar political confrontation of which the Pennsylvania scene was only a small and passing reflection. And he makes too much of the supposed link between interwar rightist movements and postwar anticommunism. As far as I can tell, this connection was minimal. Most American anticommunists of the 50's had never been pro-fascist, and the complaints they raised about insufficient attention being paid to wartime communist infiltration of the United States government had more than a grain of truth.

Moreover, Jenkins' occasional expression of the view of Kenneth Stern and Richard Dinnerstein, that Christian anti-Semitism has cast a long, ominous shadow on American history and the Christian right, is incompatible with evidence that Jenkins himself presents: that explicit anti-Semitism after 1945 had become limited to an isolated fringe, however important anticommunism thereafter loomed; that by the early 1940's membership in Klan lodges in Pennsylvania had dwindled to about 250; and that anti-Catholic sentiment was at least as strong as was dislike for Jews on the nativist ultra-right. (The Klan, by the way, supported the communist-anarchist left

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in the Spanish Civil War against the Catholic nationalist side.) Moreover, much of what Jenkins describes as the interwar ultra-right in Pennsylvania was not specifically rightist: e.g., Italian parish and civic organizations that expressed solidarity with the Italian national revolution (a stance also taken in the 20's and early 30's by non-Italians and by some socialists, most notably at the *New Republic*). It is likewise hard to find deep ideological significance in the fact that at least some Pennsylvanians of German descent, who had their ancestral culture and libraries destroyed before and during Mr. Wilson's war, initially showed ignorant sympathy for Hitler's Germany. Their sentiment did not survive the war, nor can I discern the slightest trace of German national consciousness in the once predominantly German region of the state where I live. Professor Jenkins has produced a readable and well-researched monograph, but one with questionable conclusions that are certainly less solid than the research and prose.

Paul Gottfried is a professor of humanities at Elizabethtown College in Pennsylvania.

Eternity Gained

by Allan Carlson

A World Lost
by Wendell Berry
Washington, D.C.: Counterpoint;
151 pp., $20.00

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In his new novel Wendell Berry returns to the time and the characters found in his earlier and more complex work, *A Place on Earth*. The atmosphere is familiar: a community subtly unsettled by the distant events of World War II; families still rooted in place through bonds to the land and to each other; homes still functioning as small economies, complete with cellars, smokehouses, henhouses, and gardens; and a continuity of vision that reaches back before the Civil War. As young Andy Catlett, Mr. Berry's semiautobiographical protagonist, describes it: "I saw how beautiful the field was, how beautiful our work was. And it came to me all in a feeling how everything fitted together, the place and ourselves and the animals and the tools, and how the sky held us."

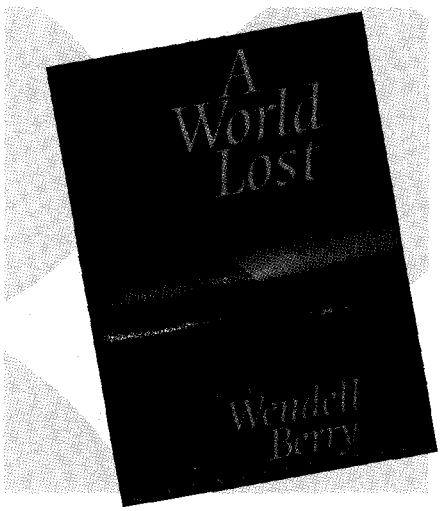
The ostensible focus of this short work is on the strange circumstances surrounding the murder of the boy's Uncle Andrew. At first, the book appears to be but an extended character study of this figure. Yet Mr. Berry carefully develops two other themes, both encompassed by the novel's title.

The first concerns the passing of an age, as a distinctive rural culture is quietly buried by social and economic forces accelerated during World War II. Into the 1940's, Mr. Berry notes, the "life of our fields still depended on the bodily strength and skill of people and horses and mules," and farming people carried on their lives through the force of custom because "they had never thought of being anything else." Yet in the period between the deaths of his paternal uncle and of his grandfather—roughly 1944 and 1945—the protagonist sees "a time of ending, not just of lives but of a kind of life and a kind of world."

But the more insistent message of *A World Lost* is the end of childhood and adolescence, and the narrator's passage to adult responsibility. Mr. Berry contrasts the characters of Uncle Andrew and the boy's father, Henry Catlett. The former was "a man of extraordinary good looks," of "style," who "spoke at times a kind of poetry of vulgarity." A talker and a charmer, with a vaguely sexual aura, Uncle Andrew was harmlessly flirtatious, the friend of every cafe waitress in town. A failure in business and a failure in marriage, Uncle Andrew yet "seemed to be all energy, intolerant of restraint, unpredictable." At once reckless and calm, "the idea of consequence was always an afterthought" to him. For young Andy, who followed him about in his daily wanderings, "Uncle Andrew was right at the center of the idea I had formed of myself. . . . I had wanted to be like him."

For his part, Henry, the father, was "purposeful and tireless, sober and passionate, in love with his family and work, true to his obligations." His excitement for farming and his affection for farm people led him into "a lifelong effort to preserve the economy of the small farms." Through his labors as a country lawyer and his deep sense of duty to kin, he held a troubled community together. Tempted to direct revenge on the day of his brother's murder, Henry was restrained by his wife. As Mr. Berry writes: "I can see how near he came to turning loose all that he held together, and how, in holding it together, with my mother's help, he preserved the possibility of our life here; he quieted himself, lived, stayed on, bore what he had to bear."

And so, *A World Lost* becomes in essence an able retelling of an eternal tale: of childish ways cast off, of a boy's passage to adulthood, and of a young man's reconciliation with his father by coming to understand the meaning of filial obligation. Shaken by a brutal act from the influence of Uncle Andrew, young Andy "came at last under the influence of my father, as perhaps I was destined to do."



Transcending his prophetic vision of a rural culture passing away, Berry closes the novel with another vision, startling and powerful, of love, redemption, and reunion. "I imagine," he writes, "the dead waking, dazed, into a shadowless light in which they know themselves altogether for the first time. It is a light that is merciless until they can accept its mercy; by it they are at once condemned and redeemed. . . . In it they are loved completely, even as they have been, and so are changed into what they could not have been but what, if they could have imagined it, they would have wished to be. That light can come into this world only as love, and love can enter only by suffering." In this openly Christian affirmation, Mr. Berry finds hope in tragedy, renewal in death. *A World Lost* becomes an eternity gained, where the author places his "true home" among "that company of immortals with whom I have lived here day by day."

Allan Carlson is president of The Rockford Institute and the publisher of Chronicles.

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Surrounding Disorder

by Alan Cornett

Gentility Recalled: "Mere" Manners and the Making of Social Order
Edited by Digby Anderson
London and Grand Rapids: The Social Affairs Unit and The Acton Institute; 206 pp., $19.95

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No one can deny the decline of civility and manners, both a cause and effect of our decadent society. Digby Anderson and the British-based Social Affairs Unit have explored this trend, and the quickening downward spiral toward barbarism so evident in the Western world. *Gentility Recalled* is a defense of the old-fashioned concept of "manners" as a civilizing force—in fact, the cement that binds our culture. The essays in this book address various aspects of "manners," and all of them emphasize what Anderson calls "trivia": the little things that are the foundation of order and that make life and society bearable.

As Bryan Wilson points out, emphasis on technological expertise is one of the many modern contrivances that serve to lessen the importance of manners, and indeed of social interaction itself. "Reliance on technical competence," he writes, "reduces dependence on personal goodwill, inherent grace, gestures of respect, and hence the self-esteem that looks for confirmation in the esteem of others." One thinks of the recent advertising campaign by one of the major telecommunications companies that praises a world where identity, and thus character and behavior, are irrelevant; we all communicate through a computer "mind to mind."

Recognizing the need for a code of conduct, the left has sought to develop its own system to govern human interaction. Typically, however, it ignores custom and even human nature itself, as political correctness advances through academia, politics, and now the armed forces: "a transparently artificial, alien, rigid, and mechanical code that lacks the essential mainsprings of common sense, common consent, and common conscience." In an atomized and anonymous world, manners cannot have the weight of cultural authority because of our remove from a rootedness in place that necessarily dictates a common code of manners. Manners schools, "sensitivity training," and political correctness simply add to the problem, since "mannerly behaviour cannot be enforced by conscious and deliberate planning: manners must grow spontaneously in propitious social locales, and *then* be cultivated."

H. Tristram Engelhardt, Jr., argues in his essay "Why Do It? Because That's What *We* Do" that cosmopolitanism is ultimately at the root of our unmannerly society. "Substantive understandings of manners can only bind those with whom one shares traditions, customs, and, ideally, content-full moral principles." For example, it is impossible—or ought to be—for me to comprehend what passes for good manners in such exotic places as Austria, Saudi Arabia, or Vermont. I am not tied to those places or those people, and any effort of mine to standardize what is acceptable there will end in failure.

This is why John Shelton Reed's "Flirting and Deferring: Southern Manners," an essay composed of two columns that originally appeared in *Chronicles*, is a necessary inclusion in the book. Traditionally, the South represents one of the most mannerly societies in the world, in large part owing to Southerners' passionate love for place. Southerners have accepted as axiomatic, by and large, what T.S. Eliot stated in *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture*: "On the whole, it would appear to be for the best that the great majority of human beings should go on living in the place where they were born." Southern love of place, exhibited by Southerners from Thomas Jefferson (who called Virginia his "country") to the Nashville Agrarians and now Wendell Berry, has allowed them to take a firm grasp on the traditions that dictate their strong code of manners, and hold it. As Reed mentions, some find Southern manners false and artificial. But to say this is to miss the entire point of manners. Manners induce us to be nice to a person (if niceness is called for in the circumstance) even when we would rather punch him in the nose. They are society's mediating influence. In part, the South's mannerliness is a reaction against the greatest show of poor manners in the history of the Old Republic: the War of Northern Aggression, in which the Federal Union acted as an agent of atomistic modernity, pushing its abstractions with a bayonet on a region without regard to that region's long-established traditions or manners.

Recalling Andrew Lytle's argument that the South was a last stronghold of Christendom, we should also consider the tie between religion, in particular Christianity, and what we consider good manners in the West. As Caroline Moore points out in "Being a Gentleman," it was the knights of old who embraced His example of charity and servanthood: they were the forerunners of the modern gentleman, embodied no more perfectly than in the person of the very religious Robert E. Lee. Moore points out that the Victorians saw how "the final source of all good manners is inward charity . . . an explicitly Christian ethos."

Thus Robert Grant, in "Respecting the Truth: Manners in the Academy," strangely *blames* Christianity for poor manners, since "to take religion at all seriously" is necessarily to eschew civilized behavior toward those who are viewed as hellbent: thus the Inquisition, and burning heretics at the stake. Grant, wanting everyone to maintain a religious shell without actually *believing* in religion, is guilty of setting "civilized discourse" above all else, a valuation he claims as necessary to the pursuit of truth. But, what is Truth? Grant views political ideologues and Christians equally as dangerous fanatics, which only demonstrates his fundamental misunderstanding of Christianity, whose moral principles prohibit the very actions of which he accuses it. Ideology, by contrast, is a secularized religion without these moral constraints.

Striking the right balance on the subject of manners, T.S. Eliot wrote that "good manners, without education, intellect or sensibility to the arts, tend towards mere automatism . . . [but] learning without good manners or sensibility is pedantry." In exploring topics such as "Speaking Properly," "Knowing Your Place," and "Running a Respectable Household," the authors of *Gentility Recalled* usually are able to capture the balance to which Eliot referred. Their prescriptions are a needed antidote to the disorder that surrounds us.

Alan Cornett lives in Versailles, Kentucky, and is finishing a bibliography of M.E. Bradford's writings.

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The Last Nomads

by Gregory McNamee

Desert Places
by Robyn Davidson
New York: Viking Press;
288 pp., $23.95

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In his journal, the psychologist William James records that he once met Sir James Frazer, whose *Golden Bough* had been among the first Western books to attempt to record systematically the beliefs of traditional peoples around the world. James, then undertaking ambitious projects of his own, asked Frazer whether he had ever met any of the "natives" he had studied for so many years. "Heaven forbid," Frazer replied.

For many years it has appeared that Robyn Davidson would follow Frazer's lead in avoiding the natives along her path (and, for that matter, anyone else). Best known for her 1980 book *Tracks*, an account of a camelback journey across the Australian desert, Davidson had acquired a reputation for solitary wanderings in difficult places, and for exquisitely thoughtful, sometimes hard-edged travel writing. "You can walk for months in Australia without meeting a single human," Davidson writes in her new book, *Desert Places*. "The Australian desert and the hunter-gatherers who translated it had so informed my spirit that the crowds of Pushkar were unnatural and frightening to me."

Pushkar lies in the middle of another great desert, the Thar, a 230,000-square-mile expanse of formidably dry country in northwestern India, hard by the Pakistani border. Despite its apparent desolation, Davidson found the Thar to be full of people, like every other corner of South Asia. Throughout her narrative she reports being engulfed by curious onlookers, by beggars pleading for baksheesh, by improbably large numbers in a harsh land of "granite outcroppings, naked but for a few gullies of monsoon forest or a single, white-painted elephant stationed on a summit eternally surveying the farmlands below." Yet Davidson's picture of a "twilight-and-dune" Thar changed, she reports, the minute she set foot in the dusty Indian outback, where "lawlessness, poverty, and desperation were the norm," a place of leaky nuclear power stations and dacoit-infested badlands.

The present world has little room for such quaint people as the Rabari, the camel- and sheepherding nomads among whom Davidson chose to live, who are fast being modernized and pressed into the global monoculture, until a people who once were at home everywhere are fast becoming at home nowhere. In the case of the Rabari, this is a recent phenomenon, as India's population swells to fill previously uninhabited places, and it spells the death of their culture. "When you traveled with us," a Rabari tells Davidson on a return visit to the town of Pushkar, "we were unsophisticated people. Now we drink Coca-Cola just as the [foreigners] do." The Rabari had Coca-Cola. Davidson had a tremendous reserve of will, money, and a teach-yourself-Gujarati text that, she explains in a Lawrence Durrell-like aside, contained phrases like "the lock of your musket is rusty," "you will be hanged tomorrow," and "a sepoy shot himself." What she did not have, in the end, was the heart to write a picturesque travel article, "another bit of noise for a culture drowning in noise."

Desert Places thus becomes a work of amateur anthropology, reporting on the final days of a nomadic culture. The operative word is *amateur*, and I do not say this pejoratively. Free from the strictures of traditional ethnography, in which the observer is meant to respond as an impartial witness and recorder, Davidson probes Rabari culture with a critical eye. Sometimes she likes what she sees; sometimes she does not. She constantly wonders at confusing Rabari norms, on the people's ability to accept second-class citizenship and the other indignities of Third World life in a country where nothing works. "Why," she asks, "didn't they stab and shoot each other, as they did in America; why didn't they pick petty bureaucrats up by the scruff of their necks and beat their brains out?"

Davidson admits at moments to disliking the whole Rabari people, who, in the face of the Western luxuriousness that Davidson tries to shun but cannot wholly disavow—she roams the desert, after all, in an air-conditioned Jeep—often exhibit "the avarice for which their caste is famous." But she is harder on upper-class Indians who abuse their servants as if they were dogs, who cherish caste, and who regard wanderers like the Rabari as somehow less than human. Davidson recognizes that there may be adaptive advantages to the psychic security of knowing who you are in relation to every other person in the terribly crowded confines of India, but she does not endorse the mechanism.

Mostly Davidson is enchanted by India, a bewitchment she reports in extraordinary descriptions of small moments and little details:

> Crammed into that tiny room were the most glamorous creatures imaginable with kohl-rimmed eyes, perfect white teeth, bangles up to their armpits, earrings and nose rings and silver balls dangling here and there, a kilogram of silver around each ankle (women carry much of the family wealth in the form of jewelry, a habit which sometimes entices bandits to sever limbs from living bodies), calf-length skirts containing many yards of printed cotton, red-pink-yellow-blue muslin orni stitched over with silver—and from each of those Valkyries a reined-in energy which made me feel that if I lit a match the whole jhumpa would explode.

The study of other cultures, Claude Lévi-Strauss once observed, affords us a tuning fork against which we can sound our own. Davidson extends the Orientalist tradition of Gertrude Bell, Freya Stark, Anne Campbell Macleod, and Ella Christie, who traveled the edges of the old British Empire and wrote remarkable accounts of what they saw. But more than anyone else she resembles Bruce Chatwin, whose *The Songlines*, for all its many fictions, has sent popular anthropology and travel writing in new directions. Both authors have a wide view of philosophy and history; both are concerned with cultures that are not long for this postmodern world; both are expert writers; and both seek, out there in the bush, some notion of what it means to live in these tumultuous times.

Gregory McNamee's most recent books are A Desert Bestiary *(Johnson Books) and* The Sierra Club Desert Reader *(Sierra Club Books).*

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by Samuel Francis

Revolution in the Air

Is it idle, or at least premature, to talk about "revolution from the right"? Whether it is or is not, that is exactly what leaders of the right have been talking about for some years, from Pat Buchanan's "Middle American Revolution" and his imagery of the "Buchanan Brigades" and peasants with pitchforks rebelling against "King George," to Newt Gingrich and his now-forgotten jabber about the "Republican Revolution." Of course, when Buchanan and Gingrich invoked the imagery of revolution, neither gentleman meant by it what most of the more infamous revolutionaries of history meant—the violent overthrow of the government—but the mere invocation of the concept of revolution by leaders of the right today ought to tell us something significant.

The right, of course, is supposed to be anything but revolutionary. The right, after all, consists of those born to wealth and privilege who benefit from the status quo, and conservative thought has always flourished most in defiant response to calls for revolution from the left. Edmund Burke, considered to be a bit of a radical throughout most of his political career, actually founded classical conservatism with his denunciations of the French Revolution, and the renaissance of conservative thought in the United States from the 1930's through the 1960's was largely a reaction against the revolutions preached and practiced by the Progressives, liberals, communists, and New Leftists of the same era.

What is significant about the invocation of revolution by leaders of the contemporary right, then, is that it assumes that the right no longer necessarily consists of those who gain from the way things are; that the right, whoever it is and whatever it means, consists of those who believe they would benefit from a drastic and sudden, if not violent, alteration of the status quo. Moreover, it's not just the leaders of the right like Buchanan and Gingrich who use the imagery of revolution; they use it because that imagery attracts a following, and it attracts a following because rank-and-file adherents of the right (note I do not say "conservatives") share its assumption. To a large extent, the right in America today, at least its more radical and populist wing, is defined by its attraction to the concept of revolution, violent or not, and the left, for the first time in history, is defined by its opposition to the concept.

Of course, not everyone on what is usually called the "right" harbors sympathy for revolutionary change. Soon after Buchanan started talking about peasants storming the castles with their pitchforks, Bill Kristol was dragged forth by the *Washington Post* to enlighten us with his own cogitations. "Someone needs to stand up and defend the Establishment," he whined. "In the last couple of weeks, there's been too much pseudo-populism, almost too much concern and attention for, quote, the people—that is, the people's will, their prejudices and their foolish opinions. And in a certain sense, we're all paying the price for that now. . . . After all, we conservatives are on the side of the lords and barons."

Mr. Kristol is correct. "Conservatives"—those who want to conserve—are on the side of the lords and barons, and the fact that the delusions and pathologies of the left have long since acquired political and cultural hegemony in the United States means that real conservatives like Mr. Kristol wind up defending the achievements and interests of the left. When he, his colleagues among the neoconservatives, and the mainstream of the Republican Party denounce Buchanan for his attacks on the "Establishment," they betray the reality that all their right-wing affectations are masks for the defense of the incumbent system of power.

Nevertheless, the rhetoric of revolution on the populist right persists and even seems to be blossoming. In the last year or so, some on the right appear to have taken it a bit more seriously than was perhaps warranted, and the FBI has actually busted more than a few bands of "extremists" who supposedly were plotting bombings or stashing weapons against *Der Tag*. There is, of course, no "right-wing terrorist underground" such as the Anti-Defamation League or the Southern Poverty Law Center insists exists, a coordinated clandestine movement dedicated to burning Negro churches, blowing up federal buildings, murdering abortionists, and committing hate crimes, but there are random crackpots who have been captured by the crumbling legitimacy of the system that Mr. Kristol and his friends are so zealous to bolster.

And if there is any certain indication that talking about "revolution from the right" is not premature, it lies in that very crumbling. Opinion polls in the last few years have shown that increasing numbers of citizens simply do not trust the government, and virtually any unusual event, crime, or disaster is now immediately enveloped in labyrinthine webs of conspiracy theories. The death of Vince Foster, the death of Ron Brown, the crash of TWA Flight 800, the Waco massacre, the Oklahoma City bombing and the trials of its suspects, the O.J. Simpson case, and even the killing of Bill Cosby's son have all been absorbed into these webs.

There is also now an institutionalized network by which these theories and the delegitimization of the system that they breed are communicated. Talk radio, short-wave radio, the Internet, militia meetings and gun shows, and several nationally circulated popular magazines, newspapers, and newsletters devoted exclusively to the weaving of the webs ensure that the distrust of the system is not going to abate. And the same sort of communications network exists for publicizing views of the world that are profoundly at odds with the worldview on which the system rests. They offer radically different views of religion, history, race, government, economy, and even the universe from what is taught in most schools and universities, discussed in most mainstream media, and gabbled about by public political figures. In addition, there is the underground educational system, consisting of homeschooling, private schools, and parochial schools that often instill these alternative worldviews into students at an early age.

The emergence in just the last few years of this populist underground and the continuing and ever-escalating popularity of what it has to offer are perhaps the best reasons to believe that the system so beloved by Mr. Kristol and his allies cannot long endure. What is oc-

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curring is what scholars of the revolutionary process call a "crisis of legitimacy": more and more subjects of the regime are ceasing to believe that what the regime (the government, the dominant culture, and the economic elite) do and say and tell them to do and say possesses any legitimacy, and gradually they are withdrawing their allegiance, their everyday activities, and their minds from the regime. In place of the institutions of the regime—its media of communication, its schools, its churches, its political formulas and belief-systems—they are elaborating their own system, under their control and directed toward doing what they want it to do.

The collapse or erosion of the legitimacy of a regime is one of the critical developments in the emergence of what scholars of revolution have come to identify as a "revolutionary situation," a condition of society in which not only the power but also the authority of the incumbent regime is vulnerable. There is a good deal of back-and-forth among scholars as to what the other features of a revolutionary situation are, but most agree on at least two others in addition to the crisis of legitimacy.

One is a "critical event" that exposes the incapacity of the regime to govern and to carry out the other functions it is supposed to carry out. If the crisis of legitimacy is the collapse of the authority of the regime to do what it is supposed to do, the critical event is the collapse of the power of the regime. The critical event is what Lenin was thinking of when he wrote that no government ever falls unless it is first dropped. In the French Revolution, the critical event was the financial crisis and insolvency of the government, which required Louis XVI to call the Estates General for the first time in 175 years. Once the Estates took their seats, they proceeded to rid the country of the king, the queen, the church, the aristocracy, and the other vestiges of the old regime, and there was little or nothing Louis and his allies could do to stop them (or at least nothing they were willing to do). In the Russian Revolution, the critical event was the collapse of the Russian army in World War I. In the English Revolution of the 1640's, it was a war with Scotland, coupled with rebellion in Ireland, that required Charles I to call Parliament in order to get money with which to fight the war.

Today there is no obvious "critical event" in the United States such as these historic ones, but such is the situation in this country that such an event could occur at any time. The perennial budget crises, the increasing arrogance of the courts, the incompetence of the government to control crime and immigration, and the decline of legitimacy itself all suggest that a revolutionary critical event could occur in the United States in the not too distant future. What if Congress should just refuse to approve a budget and the government has to shut down more or less permanently? What if the Crips or the Bloods or some other gang decides to take over a city or even a state? What if some states or parts of the country secede or refuse to pay taxes, enforce federal laws, or obey federal court orders? What if the Armed Forces refuse to carry out the orders of the Commander in Chief to enforce federal laws and court orders? I do not predict that these situations will occur, but they are no longer unimaginable, and if any of them do occur, it could constitute the very "critical event" that precipitates revolution.

The other feature of a revolutionary situation that is probably necessary is the existence of a revolutionary apparatus. Lenin obviously had one at his disposal in the form of the Bolshevik party. The English revolutionaries also had one, in the form of Puritan cells, churches, and eventually a political party that dominated the Parliament Charles I was forced to call. In the American Revolution the apparatus consisted of the "committees of correspondence" that coordinated communications and activism among the patriots. In the French Revolution there were several apparatuses, including salons, where Enlightenment doctrines were crafted, discussed, and disseminated, and Freemasonry, which served similar purposes. To historian Crane Brinton, such apparatuses "begin to go beyond lobbying and propaganda, begin to plan and organize direct action, or at least a supplanting of the government in some dramatic way. They are the beginnings of . . . the 'illegal government,'" and eventually, if their work is successful, they essentially become the real government and replace the old government that can no longer perform its functions.

In the United States today there is no such apparatus, but there may be the beginnings of one, or several. The populist underground described above may be its embryo, and if today all it seems to do is weave sometimes preposterous conspiracy fables, it may soon in the future turn to planning and organizing direct action of some kind or other. Some portions of it are already involved in such action, at least politically, and the victory of such populist initiatives in recent years as propositions 187 and 209 in California, Amendment 2 in Colorado, and the grassroots defense of the Confederate Flag in several Southern states are indications of such incipient activism. Their political activities are not yet revolutionary, but given the absolute refusal of the incumbent regime to accept their fairly moderate reforms (cutting off welfare to illegal aliens, ending affirmative action, denying affirmative action to homosexuals, etc.), it would hardly be surprising if they started pushing more radical causes.

But the apparatus, insofar as it now exists, is far too rudimentary to act as an effective revolutionary agent. Its doctrine is vague and sometimes incoherent, centering merely on the criminality of the present system and its leaders and lacking a clear vision of what it wants in place of the system and how that can be achieved. Some parts of it are religious to the point of fanaticism, others are only nominally religious or outright pagan. Some demand the restoration of the Constitution, but many betray no more command of the meaning of the Constitution than the courts themselves. Until the populist network articulates a coherent and credible doctrine, develops a means of spreading and enforcing its doctrine on its adherents, and is able to represent itself as the emergent de facto government, it will not function as an effective agent of revolution.

The transformation of the American right from a conservative force intent on preserving the present system into one that at least sympathizes with the imagery of revolution shows that the right has at last begun to grasp the truth that it no longer exercises control of the country. That is an anomalous situation for many who conceive themselves to be on the right, and much of the lack of preparation they exhibit derives from the anomaly and the discomfort those of the right experience when the techniques and tactics of revolution are seriously discussed. It may be premature to talk about "revolution from the right" today, but it is not idle to do so, and the sooner the right understands that it no longer has any business being "conservative," the sooner its revolutionary impulses will quicken in the womb. C

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Letter From Australia

by Roger D. McGrath

America Down Under

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Vietnamese gangs shake down proprietors of small businesses for protection money. Blacks have enormously high rates of drug addiction, alcoholism, crime, and out-of-wedlock births. Pakistanis, Lebanese, and Nigerians drive cabs. Japanese buy up downtown high-rise and choice beachfront properties. Chinese and Koreans take control of sections of the intercity. East Indians and Arabs run small shops and gas stations. Immigrants quickly learn how to defraud the welfare system, working for cash while collecting government benefits for food, shelter, transportation, and health care. Whites flee to the suburbs, publicly professing their love for people of all colors but privately admitting that the demographic shift and accompanying problems are ominous.

Sounds like California, Los Angeles in particular. Except I am describing Sydney and, to a lesser degree, Melbourne. Australia has followed in American footsteps, even copying our dramatic 1965 reversal of immigration policy.

Through the end of World War II, Australia's population consisted almost entirely of whites of English, Irish, and Scottish extraction. There were also a small number of aborigines and a dash of Dutch, German, and Scandinavian settlers. Beginning in the late 1940's and continuing through the 1950's, Greek and Italian immigrants arrived from their war-torn native lands. Although most of them spoke little English, they were white, Christian, and European. Moreover, they came in numbers that made acculturation and assimilation practical. Some of them were instrumental in helping to develop Australia's booming wine industry.

Despite these new arrivals from southern Europe following World War II, in the 1960's Australia still looked very much like the British Isles. Ninety-five percent of Australians traced their ancestry to England, Ireland, or Scotland. Most of the blokes were some version of Paul Hogan, who was working on the Sydney Harbour Bridge at the time, and the sheilas a variety of Olivia Newton John.

Strict control of immigration was relaxed in 1973 and nonwhites began pouring into Australia. At first their presence was hardly felt. By the 1990's, however, the effect was changing entire sections of Sydney and Melbourne, creating sharp racial antagonisms and straining the social welfare system. Afraid to be labeled racist, few dared to speak out. Recently, Pauline Hanson, a member of the Australian parliament, has addressed the immigration problem with forthrightness and candor. She has been viciously attacked. Not her arguments, mind you, but she herself. *Argumentum ad hominem*—the last refuge of the politician!

While visiting "down under" in March, I saw attacks on Hanson nearly every day on television news. I saw the astounding spectacle of Australia's two major political parties, Labor and Liberal, opening negotiations to run a candidate jointly against her. A popular figure in her native Queensland, she will be difficult to unseat. Whether she can withstand the assault by the combined might of both parties remains to be seen. Her home base of Ipswich makes her a sentimental favorite. Wasn't it from Ipswich (in New England) that John Wise challenged the Puritan oligarchy? Pauline Hanson is challenging the secular religion of political correctness.

Many politicians and Australian businessmen are terrified that Hanson's pronouncements will damage relations with Asian trading partners. Featured on a nightly newscast was a group of Australian politicians apologizing to and groveling, nearly genuflecting, before a delegation from Singapore. A government official told me privately that he agreed with everything she said but noted that Australia received more than eight billion dollars from trade with Singapore, Taiwan, China, Hong Kong, Korea, and Japan. With a population only half that of California, these dollars are not insignificant to Australia. The attitude seems to be prosperity now and to hell with tomorrow. Some later generation will have to face a changed Australia.

The same government official told me that Australia could not afford to give the appearance of being racist by prohibiting nonwhite immigration. "After all," he said, "we are a part of the Orient and we must be full and equal trading partners." "What," I responded, "does that have to do with immigration? Could you move to Japan and become a Japanese citizen? There are thousands of Koreans who have been there for five generations now who are not allowed citizenship! Would Singapore allow boatloads of Aussies to take up residence and go on the dole? Could you buy and develop property in all those countries? Why is it that only white nations are not allowed to restrict immigration? Why is it that only white nations are not allowed to restrict noncitizen property rights?" The official looked down, shook his head, and said: "You're right."

A changed Australia is already a reality in some areas of Sydney and Melbourne where a popular pastime is a game called "Spot the Aussie." As I learned, sometimes it takes a while to spot one amid the East Indians, Malays, Chinese, Vietnamese, and other immigrants parading by. The change is also evident along parts of the Gold Coast and in Queensland. A real estate agent from Innisfail (just south of Cairns on a choice stretch of coastline inside the Great Barrier reef) told me that the Japanese were buying properties by the dozens and pushing prices well beyond the average Aussie's reach.

He also mentioned that the Japanese had bought his local golf course. He was still allowed to play on it but was forced to move aside when any Japanese arrived. They had absolute priority at all times. He was ordered about on a course that he had played on for 30 years by, as he described them, "arrogant little bastards." After we downed more Guinness stout, he got more expansive: "We fought a war to keep them from invading Australia. The bloody Japs. We fought them in the Coral Sea. We fought them in New Guinea. The bloody bastards."

Chinese from Singapore, Taiwan, and especially Hong Kong have also purchased Australian properties. Some beachfront casinos cater specifically to the Chinese, who have a well-deserved reputation for gambling. Along with the gambling has come prostitution.

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The two always seem to go together. Nonetheless, the average Aussie does not seem as nearly upset by the presence of Chinese as by the Japanese. The Chinese, they say, have none of the arrogance that they claim is characteristic of the Japanese. Then, too, the Aussies have not forgotten World War II.

The original "people of color" in Australia, the Aborigines (or "blacks" as they are commonly called) have not fared well. There are probably not many more than 50,000 full-blooded Aborigines today, down from three to six times that number at the beginning of British settlement in 1788. Some years back the prohibition on aboriginal consumption of alcohol was lifted, and since then alcoholism has become pandemic among the Aborigines. Drug consumption and out-of-wedlock births have also soared. Violence and crime have increased apace. Some aboriginal public housing developments have become "no-go areas" for police. Aussie cops have learned that they are damned-if-they-do, damned-if-they-don't.

Many Aussies, like many Americans, seem to feel that the increase in crime and the changing demographics of the nation are part of some kind of inevitable evolutionary cycle. Not really. Both in Australia and in America, these changes have resulted from specific government policies, be they the massive welfare programs that have harmed the family or the de facto, if not de jure, open-borders policy that has balkanized the country.

Nevertheless, most of Australia, even most of Sydney and Melbourne, looks more like California in the 1950's than Los Angeles in the 1990's. The country is a great bastion of the white middle class and of the Anglo-Celt. In many ways, the people resemble those who conquered the American frontier during the 18th and 19th centuries. The physiognomies, complexions, and names of those who today live in the old mining town of Ballarat in Victoria would be indistinguishable from those who occupied the mining camp of Ballarat in California a century ago. The same applies to hundreds of other towns and villages throughout Australia, from sheep and cattle stations to mining camps, mountain hamlets, and seaside resorts.

The Aussies honor their outlaws and rogues in song and story. Such characters as Ned Kelly (the wild colonial lad), Jack Riley (the man from Snowy River), and Andrew George Scott (Captain Moonlite) are celebrated figures. They honor their war heroes, too. Nearly every small town and village has a monument with the inscribed names of those local boys who died serving in one of Australia's wars. Some of the monuments have dozens of names, including multiple sets of brothers. Considering the size of the towns, the sacrifice was shocking. In one speck of a village, I gazed upon a monument which revealed that three families had lost three sons each and four others had lost two each.

The War Memorial in the capitol city of Canberra is a military museum second to none. Every battle the Australians engaged in during World War I and II has its own display which includes a detailed description of the battle and the units involved, including maps, photographs, artifacts, and dioramas. The display for Gallipoli alone nearly fills a room, and well it should. Some 8,000 Aussies died on that barren peninsula, a testament to Winston Churchill's ineptitude as a military strategist, tactical blunders by British commanders, and English disregard for the lives of the colonials.

Battle after battle is brilliantly, powerfully, poignantly presented at the War Memorial. The photographs of the men and the battlefield artifacts sear the soul: a private with a freckled face looking more like a 14-year-old Boy Scout, yet gripping his rifle with fixed bayonet and ready to go over the top with his mates; a Celtic cross fashioned out of boiler plate with the inscription "In Loving Memory of the Officers, NCOs, and Men of the . . . Who Died" followed by a list of the fallen; lean young men bearing a stretcher with a wounded comrade through a nightmarish field of fire. The photographs and crosses number in the hundreds. The courage, the sacrifice, the heroism, the fortitude, the suffering, the camaraderie, the death is overwhelming.

Photographs of World War II give mute testimony to the barbarity of the Japanese. A greatly enlarged photo captured from the Japanese shows Australian prisoners, handsome young blokes, about to be decapitated. Other photos show Australian prisoners starved to skin and bones on the verge of death. The display notes that well over a third of Australian prisoners died in Japanese captivity. How politically incorrect to mention it! In fact, about 37 percent of Allied prisoners held by the Japanese died, while fewer than *one percent* of those held by the Germans died. (Will the Aussies remove this display when the number of Japanese tourists to Canberra and Japanese investment in Australia approaches Hawaiian rates? The last time I visited the Pearl Harbor memorial the film the Park Service showed made it appear that the United States had started the war in the Pacific!)

Australia lost some 30,000 men in the Great War and another 38,000 in World War II, per capita rates far higher than those suffered by the United States in the same wars. The Australians honor and remember those who gave their all.

One of those Aussies who nearly died in World War II is a buddy of mine, George Maslen. He was a tall, lanky hurdler from Melbourne who had a good shot at making the Australian Olympic team for the games in 1940. The outbreak of war in Europe in 1939 canceled the games and made George's service as a sergeant in a citizen's militia in Victoria all the more relevant. By 1942, he was a lieutenant in the Australian army and led a platoon of Diggers up the Kokoda Trail and over the mountain spine of New Guinea.

He told me that before the Battle of the Coral Sea he thought that Australia was on the verge of being overrun by "hordes of little yellow men." With a population of only five million spread over a land mass about the size of our 48 contiguous states, Australia was vulnerable indeed. Queensland, in particular, was wide open to a Japanese invasion. Ironically, 50 years later the Japanese have returned, not in Zeros and Betty bombers with bullet and shell but in airliners with bags of cash and lines of credit.

Seemingly unaffected by all the changes along the Queensland coast and in the cities of Sydney and Melbourne is the "High Country" or "Australian Alps." Stretching for about 100 miles and constituting the southern end of the Great Dividing Range, the High Country remains an unspoiled wilderness of mile-high peaks and ridges. If you have ever seen *The Man From Snowy River*, then you have seen the High Country. Generally inhabited only by small numbers of stockmen, miners, and outfitters, the High Country is Australian wilderness at its best.

The only way to see most of it is from horseback. For nearly a week that is just what my wife, daughter, and I did. We joined a group on a 70-mile ride. We were the only Americans. The others

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were Australians—the outfitter and his two hired hands and six guests. The 12 of us drank billy tea, slept in swags under the stars and sometimes under clouds in the rain, wore oilskins, watched wild brumbies graze on remote bluffs, visited a gold mine, negotiated narrow mountain trails, rode through dense eucalyptus forests, crossed and recrossed rivers, and shook our eyeteeth loose galloping across alpine meadows. My wife and daughter ride regularly and were only sore and tired by the end of each day. I was paralyzed. Fortunately, the pack horses carried cans and bottles of strong drink that warmed our insides and numbed the pain while the campfire toasted our outsides. Aussies firmly believe in the medicinal value of strong drink.

The leader of our little expedition was Steve Baird. His grandfather was a miner—a real digger—who took his son and then his grandson into the mountains and taught them something about gold mining. Early on Steve learned the techniques of panning and how to follow "color" up a stream and into a mountain. Somewhere he also developed a love for prose and poetry. At night around our campfire he would discuss literature, tell us the stories of the Australian bush, and recite the poetry of Banjo Patterson. He also recited his own poetry, which could have been mistaken for that of Patterson himself. Steve Baird is a man of many parts.

We closed our last night on the trail by singing "Waltzing Matilda," the unofficial national anthem of Australia. Hackneyed though it may seem to a few of the more cynical and jaded in Australia, it was sung with sincerity and feeling by our group before bedding down in our swags. I wonder if this piece of Western music, with a melody, both melancholy and rousing, and words, plaintive and poignant, will some day stir the same kind of emotions in the children of Oriental or Middle Eastern immigrants that are stirred in most Aussies (or Americans) today.

As in the United States, those in cities and on college campuses think they know how the wilderness should best be utilized. Some time back they decided that stockmen should no longer use the High Country for grazing and brought considerable pressure on the government to outlaw the practice. The stockmen were a wee bit upset at the arrogance of those who rarely venture beyond the end of the pavement and called for a news conference to be held on a grassy plain in the High Country.

At the appointed time, a small number of government officials and politicians and a large number of journalists, cameramen, and news commentators assembled on the plain, but no stockmen. Then the ground began to shake, and a sound like rolling thunder began to sweep across the plain. Suddenly, over a small rise came 100 horsemen, on line, galloping toward the assembled group. Behind the first line of horsemen came a second and behind that a third. It was like the charge of the Australian Light Horse at Beersheba. Some of those waiting dove for cover, others fled in panic, while a few brave cameramen let the film roll. As Steve Baird, riding in the first line, said: "We scared the sh-- out of them." The proposal to restrict grazing in the High Country was defeated.

If only all Aussies retained more of the bushranger spirit demonstrated by the High Country stockmen. During the last 25 years the country has succumbed to the metric system. Now I have no argument with the metric system in science, but why kilometers instead of miles out on the highway? Why the 1,500 meter run instead of the mile? What the heck is a 2.3 meter high jump? Does pumping gas in liters make more sense than in gallons? Also, why centigrade instead of Fahrenheit? These are all changes that did not need to be made and offer no real advantage. Again, use the metric system in science, as we have been doing for a few generations, and standardize foreign exports, but why mess with road signs and sports and weather reports?

No Aussie was able to offer an adequate explanation for the change and all expressed a nostalgia for the old system. I told them that when the Carter administration tried to foist the system on us, we rebelled. I described road signs going up in kilometers one day only to be shot full of holes by the next morning. By the end of the week every metric sign that I saw was thoroughly perforated and absolutely unreadable. God bless the American spirit.

The Aussies listened to my stories of American civil disobedience with a certain sense of awe and admiration, but seemed to feel that the change in their own country was somehow inevitable. In other ways, however, Aussies have stubbornly resisted change. Even in big cities, small shops still dominate the marketplace. There is the bakery, the meat market, the fish market, the bottle shop (liquor store), the vegetable and fruit grocery, the dairy outlet, and dozens of others.

Moreover, most of their food is better than that we now get in America. Milk is really milk, not reconstituted from milk solids. Their whole milk tastes like melted ice cream. Their low-fat tastes richer and fresher than the best of our whole milk, and even their skim milk is good. Australian milk does not have a list of ingredients, as we now have on our cartons, because none is needed. It is made from only fresh milk. Their eggs have rock-hard shells and deep, rich-colored yokes that stand up. They taste like the eggs that I used to get from my own white leghorns and Rhode Island reds. Their tomatoes, like their milk and eggs, have a flavor that takes me back to childhood. Actually, the tomatoes that we now get in California have no flavor at all. They are all grown in Mexico, and like other fruit from south of the border, which look good enough, they are entirely flavorless. Apparently we can't even grow our own tomatoes anymore. NAFTA and GATT strike again!

One explanation for the quality of Australian food is the vitality of the family farm. Throughout the states of New South Wales and Victoria, thousands of family farms dot the landscape. The factory farm may be producing cotton or sugar up in Queensland, but most of the food that goes on the tables of households in the hundreds of small towns in New South Wales and Victoria comes from just down the road.

In this and other ways much of Australia resembles the American Midwest, except with an ocean and surf nearby or generally not too far distant. Outside Sydney and Melbourne, and I mean immediately outside, the country begins and the pace of life slows dramatically. Country towns are filled with dogs, children, parks, football fields, war memorials, and churches. Although church attendance has dropped significantly—even in country towns—since the 1950's, Australia remains a nation where Good Friday is a *national* holiday. Christianity as religion may not be as strong as it once was, but as tradition it is omnipresent. Families are still relatively intact, and the average bloke can buy a house, even in a beach town if the town is not immediately adjacent to one of the

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major cities. Life is good. But it can change. Just look at Los Angeles.

Roger D. McGrath is a professor of history at the University of California, Los Angeles, and the author, among other works, of Gunfighters, Highwaymen & Vigilantes *(1984).*

Letter From Appalachia

by Loren Mitchell

Home, Sweet Home

◆

Coal miner. What's that bring to mind? Someone dumb and dirty? I used to think so, and I'm born, raised, and living smack in the middle of Virginia's Appalachian coalfields. Well, actually not the middle. More like the fringe.

Virginia has 95 counties but only seven that are coal-producing, and all seven are in the Great Southwest (at least that's what they call it around here). The anonymity of my hometown of Richlands, Virginia, isn't surprising, considering our remote and mountainous location (we're closer to the capitals of four other states than we are to Richmond), lack of big-time attractions (ever heard of the Pocahontas Exhibition Mine, or the Historic Crab Orchard Museum?), and the fact that the 17 counties comprising the Southwest claim only four of Virginia's 41 cities and barely 10 percent of the commonwealth's population.

Say "Virginia" and everyone thinks of Northern Virginia, with its battlefields and Bobbitts, or of Charlottesville and Thomas Jefferson, of the capital's Monument Avenue, or maybe of Virginia Beach and the Tidewater area out east. They never think of us. Once, not wanting a source to think I worked at some big city daily, I identified myself over the phone as the editor at a weekly newspaper in Southwest Virginia, prompting the lady to ask, "What part of West Virginia are you from?"

God forbid.

Richlands (population 4,456) gets its name from the "fertile river lands," as the historical pamphlet says, surrounding the nearby Clinch River, and from the fact that the little valley it inhabits contains about 5,000 semiflat acres, which is something of a commodity here in the Appalachians. If you think the name is corny, blame the Northern industrialists with the Clinch Valley Coal and Iron Company. They could have called the town whatever they wanted. They had the right to since the town was theirs, bought and paid for in 1888. They built most of it. Laid out every block and named every street. Saw it myself on a plat dated 1889. My wife, Lynna (and, yes, her middle name really is "Mae") and I got the plat from the courthouse when we moved out of our 11-year-old mobile home and finally got a house in town.

Those Yankee industrialists just came down here, bought the land (and the mineral rights, of course), and had their engineers design a town. The tree-lined streets are nice and straight and most are named after politicians and soldiers from the South. (My friend, John the Hardware Man, lives on Lee Street. I walk over there any time I want a beer.)

What with the coal and all, Richlands was going to be the Pittsburgh of the South. Really. That's what they were calling it back then. But the town never became anything like Pittsburgh, north or south. It did have its heyday, though; four rollicking, coal-inspired boom years. And so have the rest of the coalfields, to some degree or another, during the more than 100 years since the first tons were mined.

About five miles away, up on Jewell Ridge, a few rows of houses remain. But back in the boom days, the coal "camp," as it's still known, boasted 10,000 residents, a bowling alley, a movie house, and more. But for a real heyday look no further than Pocahontas, about 40 miles over Stoney Ridge and bordering West Virginia.

In the late 1800's, the immigrant miners of Pocahontas lived in the rows of identical coal company houses, and could take their pick of 23 saloons, almost as many churches, and an opera house; in later years, they even had an annual celebration called the Hungarian Grape Festival. It seems shortly after the War of Northern Aggression a Colonel Thomas Graham of Philadelphia saw a reference in an old journal to a blacksmith who had obtained fuel from coal deposits literally jutting from the hillside. That outcropping was a visible tentacle of the mighty No. 3 vein, "averaging 10-feet thick, of clean coal, with a good solid top." In addition to providing the name for the local high school and its football team (the G-Men), Mr. Graham is recorded as "the promoter of the Southwest Virginia Improvement Company," which promptly bought up all the land for as little as a dollar an acre. (At the time, the locals were warned that their children would see "in their day and generation the rich coal lands pass to other owners and the mines developed by foreign capital." I guess no one listened.) The railroad, of course, came next. Thus began the bittersweet history of Pocahontas, today little more than a ghost town.

The coal in Pocahontas, all 44 million tons of it, ran out in 1955. The cobblestone streets are still there. The company store, now an IGA, closed in 1980 and was "believed to be the oldest company store in continuous operation, in the same building, in the nation," according to the history of Tazewell County by Louise Leslie. The buildings that were the opera house and coffinmaker's still stand, as do some of the saloons, but, alas, only one of those remains open. It's called The Cricket, and for $1.25 you can buy a fruit jar of draft beer. Fond of black leather jackets and sporting rambunctious blonde locks, Anita Brown is the rotund proprietor and bartender, *and* she holds the distinction of being the first woman ever elected mayor of Pocahontas.

Aside from The Cricket, a few other establishments, and the Center for Christian Action, not much else is left, people included. The Census Bureau counted a mere 215 residents in 1990. Rebellious town officials conducted their own literal head count, petitioned the feds, and won. The official population of Pocahontas is now 513.

So the coal is gone in Pocahontas. But not in the rest of southwest Virginia. Then again, they say only 30 years' worth of the stuff is left. I am only 35, and I remember writing news when the analysts estimated mineable reserves would last hundreds of years. That's why the distinction about living on the fringe of the coalfields is necessary. The top coal-producing counties are really hurting. Buchanan and Dickenson counties lead the state in unemployment, every month. Seventeen percent and 14 per-

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cent, respectively, at this writing. Remember, too, that the tally by the Virginia Employment Commission does not include people who have given up looking for work or "those whose benefits have been exhausted," as the officials like to say.

In other words, even the VEC spokesmen admit that actual unemployment is two or three times the reported rate. Other demographics and statistics are just as troubling. In Tazewell County, per capital income is under $10,000, the average weekly wage is less than $350, 19 percent of the population lives below the poverty line, a fourth never made it past the ninth grade, and only around 700 of us can claim a graduate degree.

Living here now is like showing up the weekend after the party. Someone else had all the fun and the place is a mess. Richlands and Tazewell County are a little better off than most of the rest of the coalfields. Again, because we are on the fringe, where the coal deposits were not as heavy, and that means the local economy is not tied as tightly or as directly to what used to be called King Coal.

Does it sound as though I'm trashing the area? I hope not. Once, on *The Tonight Show*, I saw a more or less unknown actress dodge Johnny's question about where she was raised. Rather than even mention the name of her hometown in Tazewell County, she sidestepped, saying only that she had been raised in "a small town in the Appalachians." She even said "Appalachia" like an out-of-towner, with a long "a." I sensed she was ashamed of her hometown.

Sure, some of us in this area *are* ignorant and uncultured, and Southwest Virginia does have its share of ills. But everyone—locals especially—seems to overlook the good things, many of which are natural and therefore not as valued as the man-made. The 7,500 square miles that are Southwest Virginia claim few gigantic shopping malls and nary a skyscraper, but in addition to having all of the commonwealth's coal deposits, all the natural gas in the state lies beneath these timber-laden mountains, whose peaks include Mt. Rogers and 32 more of Virginia's highest points. Virginia also has 2,500 caves—only four other states have that many—and half of those are in the Southwest, serving as homes to at least 50 globally rare species. Know, too, that we all made fun of the "mighty" Clinch River, which sprouts as a trickle a few miles up the road, until General Norman Schwarzkopf and the Nature Conservancy—an international organization claiming 772,000 members—declared the river and the land around it one of the "Last Great Places" left on the planet. Home to three times more species of freshwater mussels than found in all of Europe, the free-flowing waters of the Clinch drain 1,500 square miles of pasture land and forests. Those forests teem with deer and other wildlife, including the mountain lion, wild turkey, even the bald eagle and falcon.

Over the years I have learned to recognize what is good about my hometown in this isolated tip of Virginia. I like leaving my 1986 Mazda parked in front of the house with the keys in it. I like leaving my front door unlocked. Fine with me that it's November and no one in my town has been murdered. It's hard not to chuckle when caught in the local "traffic jam," that bottleneck under the signal lights out by the mall. You can forget the hectic anonymity of the urban sprawlscape. Most everyone who walks into our newspaper office is a distant relative of one sort of another. You won't go to the grocery store without running into the pastor, your fourth-grade teacher, or one of the town councilmen. And if you run out of money in the checkout line, chances are the manager will let you slide until next time you come in.

Then there's the beauty. I realize now that many people go on vacation to see the sights we see every day: never-ending mountain chains, vibrant with fall colors or lush with spring, towering over fog-filled, rolling valleys, dotted only by cattle and the occasional farmhouse. If you think that is a melodramatic description, rent the *Lassie* video, which was filmed in Tazewell County. My life has been filled with visits to nearby places like Lost Mills, the Indian drawings on Paintlick Mountain, The Peak over in Tazewell, Maiden Springs where we used to jump off the steel frame bridge before some nut blew it up with stolen dynamite, and unbelievable panoramic views that unfold unexpectedly after rounding some bend in a mountain road.

I remember once driving break-neck up a winding road—no yellow line, of course—en route to interview Jeff Fenholt, the guy who played Jesus on Broadway in "Jesus Christ Superstar" and who was speaking at the War Auditorium in War, West Virginia. As usual, I was late and in a hurry. Most of the drive had been between the mountains, until I popped around this curve, cleared the trees, and came sliding cop-style into the empty parking lot of a little white Pentecostal church. As the dust settled and the engine coughed, before me lay several hundred miles of mountain tops. Ridge after ridge after ridge, fading into the blue-green distance. Never seen anything like it, and I live around here! That view literally took my breath away, and then I cried. Later, I thought, that is where I would like to take all my city friends. If only they could see that view from the parking lot of that little white church, then they would understand.

Paradise is not anywhere on earth, but this is home, ya'll. That's why I'm here. And there is lots to be learned about that place we call home.

Loren Mitchell is editor and publisher of the Tazewell County Free Press, *a free weekly newspaper in Richlands, Virginia.*

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POLITICS

Eastern Europe's Suicide Pact

by Tomislav Sunic

Eastern Europeans are plagued by provincialism: they believe that everything coming from the West must intrinsically be good. Yesterday, the intellectual fashion, spreading from Berkeley to the University of Vincennes in France, consisted of regurgitating the dogma of Yugoslav "self-management" and learning the catechism of "socialism with a human face." Today, times have changed in the opposite direction; fashionable liberal ideas like the "free market," "globalism," and "videopolitics" have blanketed Eastern Europe, and venturing critical thoughts to the contrary means being tagged a politically incorrect idiot.

This carnival of mimicry should not be surprising. For hundreds of years Eastern Europeans were obliged to dance to a foreign tune, whether piped in from Vienna, Venice, or the Vatican. For decades they had to prove that they were more papal than the Pope. Small wonder, that their century-long rites of wannabe Western passage resulted in a servile mindset, which rejected everything homegrown and embraced anything coming from the West.

Naturally, many good things come from the West: civic responsibility, courtesy, and the work ethic. Western Europeans, unlike their Eastern counterparts, did not suffer under communist barbarism or from a chronic identity crisis. Yet the very same West, particularly over the last 20 years, has been beset by crime, lurid sects, and drug abuse.

This fascination with Western liberalism is destroying the Eastern Europeans' new sense of nationhood more effectively than the bygone communist terror ever did. It disarms their logic and renders them incapable of reading between liberal lines. For example, few of them realize that liberalism can only function by turning people into commodities, or that before it destroys itself, liberalism will likely destroy dozens of newly emerged nations in Eastern Europe.

Liberalism preaches equality; permanent economic growth; unrestrained individualism; the end of history—although these golden clichés barely hold water. The Rousseauistic myth that all people are born equal is absurd. One person has an attractive face, another has an ugly pizza-face; someone is born smart, someone else is born a smart-ass. This myth has had a devastating effect on postcommunist Eastern Europe, whose citizens naively assume that everybody is cut out to be a president, a movie star, a tennis pro—in short, anything imaginable. In other words, liberalism has, paradoxically, been better than communism in achieving the utopian goal of equality. It has created dreams more resilient to critical thought than the Eastern European communist nightmare. Liberal global illusions of "equal rights" trigger today great neurosis among the youth of Eastern Europe, leading many to believe that they can be as handsome as Mel Gibson, as rich as Billy Gates, and as intelligent as a Nobel prize winner. Small wonder that many youngsters in Eastern Europe freak out and get hooked on drugs—as large segments of Western youth have done. As a result, it is now Eastern Europe's turn to battle liberalism's permissiveness.

What does it mean that people must have equal rights? Does it mean they must use the same condoms or drive the same Porsches? Curiously, those who constantly bemoan the intrusion of the state in private life are usually the first to stretch out their hand to the welfare state when they are in serious financial trouble. The welfare state in America, the *Etat-providence* in France, has over the last 20 years become a dangerous illusion, which while dishing out great money has also destroyed any genuine sense of individualism and self-initiative among the intelligent youth. True individuals were the American heroes from Jack London's novels, early Boors from South Africa, early Crocodile Dundees from Down Under, and early gauchos from Argentina. Those individuals were always willing to make their own destiny with their own hands. Never did they ask for help—always were they willing to help those in distress.

The much-vaunted liberal sermon about human rights is also a trap of sorts. Liberal clerics in the East and West love to talk about human rights, but never about human duties. The dynamics of "human rights" naturally leads many Eastern Europeans to believe that everybody must be entitled to a Mercedes, a mansion on Santa Monica beach, and an awesome blonde bimbo from Monaco. Right-wing intellectuals such as Hans Eysenck, Konrad Lorenz, Claude Polin, and many others have persuasively argued that it is far easier to establish equality in communist poverty than equality in liberal affluence. It is far easier to establish equality in stupidity than equality of IQ. Hence the rise of the communist specter in this century; hence the communist degenerates who came to power in 1917 and 1945 in Eastern Europe and who have by no means disappeared today. It is a deadly illusion among many modern conservatives, both in America and in Europe, that communism is dead and gone, or that it can be shrugged off with free market rhetoric. As a result of a widening gap between rich and poor, one must not rule out that communism may reappear again—albeit in a different garb and by resorting to a different vernacular—aided and abetted by a new class of politically correct hagiographers.

Liberals are born liars who do not lie deliberately, but by default. They talk about equality, yet they cherish their own monetary aristocracy in a new waste society, where the masses are becoming poorer and where only a chosen few live high on the hog. Small wonder that the excessive legalism of liberalism eventually signs its own death warrant, paving the way for the communist ghost. Antiliberal guerillas—the so-called wretched of the earth, such as Tupamaros, Montenteros, Zapatistas, Peronistas, Sandinistas, Tupac-Amarus, Prima linea, RAF, etc.—are always around to respond with violence to the vulgar and self-destructive rhetoric of the liberal class.

The advantage of communism lay in its own transparency. Who could not

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decipher a communist hack, his ugly physical morphology, and his repulsive verbal mendacity? Communist and paleocommunistic myths have always attracted frustrated would-be intellectuals of repulsive physique and mediocre intelligence. As Friedrich Nietzsche used to call them, "*Monstrum in animo, monstrum in fronte.*" Thus communist primitivism, early on, wrote its own obituary, with consequences now known to everybody. By contrast, modern liberal pontiffs are much more difficult to detect. Liberal theology pontificates about human rights, while ripping nations apart; it promises wealth, while impoverishing society; it sings the praises of the global market, while producing global disasters.

The liberal facts, after all, speak for themselves: 500 million people live more or less decently, whereas 4.5 billion people exercise the talent of survival. Three hundred and fifty-eight individuals, that is, the famous "100 families," receive over 45 percent of global revenues, which corresponds to the earnings of 2.7 billion of the poorest poor. Multinational criminal organizations (i.e., organized crime) make over 1,000 billion dollars annually, which amounts to the Gross Domestic Product of the three billion poorest citizens of the world. Over 30 billion dollars alone is spent annually in the United States on diverse segments of the narcotics market. Meanwhile, Western Europe, which is viewed as a role model by its neighbors to the East, has approximately 20 million unemployed, which is over 12 percent of its work force. Germany alone, traditionally known as the steamroller of European economic growth, has over 4.6 million unemployed, which is its largest percentage since 1933, the year National Socialists took over. Germany has seven million foreign "guest" workers, and it houses over 300,000 Bosnian-Muslim refugees. Guess how much these refugees are itching to return to their ransacked casbahs?

Apostles of the free market and the "invisible hand" will argue that America's economic model is best. True, the American work force is more dynamic and mobile. America has the lowest unemployment rate in the West: 5.4 percent of the entire work force. Over eight million Americans relocate annually from North to South, from East to West. Moreover, young Americans are less pampered than their European counterparts; they do not necessarily expect the welfare state to dole out free money. But at what price? The minimal hourly wage in the United States is $4.25, which has 20 percent less buying power than in 1968, when the hourly wage was only $1.50. Considering the adjustment for inflation over the last 20 years, Americans clearly live much more tightly today. A single working parent supporting a family of four can barely foot the tab.

Young Eastern Europeans, in a gullible search of Western glitz and glamor, have fallen into a trap of liberal utopia. Often they project themselves as managers and businessmen in a global Eldorado. The Mecca of the shining West is so pervasive that many think the West is indeed the best. True, many Eastern European expatriates, particularly from Poland, Croatia, and Russia, will always locate a job in the West: cleaning dishes at a Kentucky Fried Chicken or picking trash in Berlin. Hardly can they grasp that even highly educated Western Europeans and many cultivated Americans wait for years to land a decent job. Joblessness is no longer relegated to the masses of uneducated individuals; it has become the destiny of liberal globalization. To keep a semblance of "virtual democracy" alive, liberal elites in the West—but also in the East—must increasingly resort to drastic cuts of their fiscal spendings. Undoubtedly, over the last ten years, financial capital has skyrocketed, but this benefits the chosen few in contrast to the middle classes who pay more and more. In order to curb looming inflation and its political fallout, would-be liberal governments must resort to rigid fiscal cuts, which impoverishes the working poor and creates massive unemployment.

Similarly to the West, a new belated folklore has developed in the East. By their simple game of mimicry, many Eastern Europeans assume that if fraud and graft reign in the wild West it must also sooner or later reign in the disenchanted East. If some high officials in the United States are on the take, if in tiny Belgium, the heartland of much-vaunted Maastricht Europe, some prominent figures are caught in child molestation antics and in a gigantic embezzlement of Eurotaxpayers' money—then, naturally, Eastern Europe will follow suit. According to U.N. statistics, 40 percent of the economy of the basket case Russia is controlled by over 1,000 semicriminal organizations. The official unemployment rate in Eastern Europe is around 15 percent, but considering the new wave of part-timers, it is actually twice as high as this. Recent events in Albania point to the bankruptcy of the liberal experiment and to the destructive nature of the global market.

After the fall of the Wall, Eastern Europeans naively accepted the liberal credo of itinerant "experts," hoping it would help them reach Brave New Disneyland. Well, liberalism has indeed arrived in the East, and it is bound to provide havoc for years to come. The antiliberal rock group Death in June provided a summary of the liberal future in its song "Death of the West." Hear it out. "They make't the last film. They call it the best. Will ya help make it? It's called the death of the West."

Tomislav Sunic is a cultural counselor at the Croatian Embassy in Brussels.

The Rise of Louis Farrakhan

by Michael Washburn

Louis Farrakhan has become the most important black leader in America, if not the world. He has also become a quasi-mainstream figure, and brought to record levels black participation in political life. While Americans in general are less and less interested in politics—as seen in the 1996 elections—the opposite trend is at work within the black community. According to David A. Bositis in the *Washington Post* (December 8, 1996), "record numbers of black men and Hispanics" voted in the November election, a result of Farrakhan's speech at the Million Man March, in which he urged blacks to atone for their past dissolution by, among other things, voting.

Whereas Farrakhan's mentor Elijah Muhammad had scorned the institution of voting as a white sham, Farrakhan sees it as a tool that blacks should exploit. Before the election, Farrakhan called for the formation of a "Third Political Force" in America, comparing black supporters of the Democratic Party to slaves on a plantation and to a woman who will not dump an abusive husband. Pending the formation of an independent, or third, political movement, Farrakhan admitted to the *Chicago Tribune* that most blacks will vote for Bill Clinton, even though

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"Mr. Clinton has smacked [them] all around all year."

Farrakhan's skill at unifying blacks against a common enemy has been especially evident in recent months. He has brought leaders in the Chicago gang wars to the bargaining table and been a godsend to former congressman Mel Reynolds, who is now on trial on charges of having lied to get bank loans and embezzled campaign contributions. Although Reynolds lashed out at Farrakhan during his campaign to unseat Congressman Gus Savage, and although Reynolds's enemies say that his campaign enjoyed the financial backing of wealthy Jews in the Chicago suburbs, Farrakhan has come to Reynolds's defense, making a controversial appearance at the trial and characterizing the former congressman as the victim of an overly zealous federal government. To Farrakhan and his followers, Reynolds is being singled out by the same government that was responsible for funding the Central American groups smuggling drugs into poor black neighborhoods in Los Angeles, a rumor that might form the basis for a class-action lawsuit against the federal government.

Farrakhan has also had a role in the East Coast-West Coast rap war, which broke into the news with the murders of Tupac Shakur and Christopher Wallace, a/k/a the Notorious B.I.G. In the ensuing gang/rap war, 13 people were shot, all connected in some way with either the gangs or their rap labels. As the magazine *Vibe* editorialized in the wake of the bloodshed, "All of us . . . must now come together and take responsibility for ourselves and each other."

Enter Louis Farrakhan. To Farrakhan the feuding rappers were like South African tribes whose combined political power could be immense if only they would stop their civil war. He persuaded many of the rap leaders to attend a summit on April 3, where he successfully encouraged them to set aside their differences, plan a joint tour, and collaborate on an album dedicated to the memory of the slain rappers.

But the Nation of Islam had more to offer than just charisma: the protection of its security force, the Fruit of Islam. In other words, having made peace under the guidance of Louis Farrakhan, rappers will once again be able to tour the country without fear of being gunned down. But this "atonement project" will also involve political activism, supported by the vast proceeds that rappers rake in. According to "Monster," a producer and radio personality in Atlanta, Snoop Doggie Dog has sold 10 million records, Ice Cube over 15 million, Chuck D over 10 million, Bone over 8.5 million, and Too Short over 7.5 million. As Monster told the NOI newspaper *The Final Call*, "You take all of these units sold and translate them into votes, marches, organizations, and combine them with the Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan, and we can change the country overnight."

When Philadelphia's mayor, Ed Rendell, invited Farrakhan to speak at a summit following the beating of a black woman and two black men by a group of white Catholics in the Grays Ferry neighborhood in April, he drew a lot of heat from Catholic and Jewish leaders, some of whom refused to come to the meeting. (As columnist Dave Barry wrote in the *Philadelphia Daily News*, "If Rendell is running for governor, he may well see that picture of himself holding Farrakhan's hand again. And again, and again.") But Rendell knew that Farrakhan commands more respect than any other black leader today. One can revere, admire, fear, or despise Louis Farrakhan, but it is no longer possible to ignore him.

While many liberals write Farrakhan off either as an anti-Semite or as an inevitable byproduct of racism and black despair, conservatives are divided. As *National Review* recently noted, Farrakhan "is enjoying the Strangest New Respect of all—and from conservatives, no less. Robert Novak has devoted two columns to his defense. . . . [Jude] Wanniski says that Farrakhan is 'close to being recognized as the most important black man in the world.'" Then there's Jack Kemp, who a few weeks before the election got into trouble for praising Farrakhan's emphasis on strong families and self-reliance. "I think it's interesting," Kemp told the *Boston Globe*, that "in the black community, more and more church leaders are telling their men to be responsible fathers and to be respectful to their wives and women." Not surprisingly, Kemp then met with American Jewish leaders, assuring them he was not excusing Farrakhan's bigotry.

In one respect, Jack Kemp is right: Farrakhan does offer a concrete program based on strong families and self-reliance. In *A Torchlight for America*, Farrakhan praises the vast spending power of black America as a whole—$300 billion a year—but laments how this money is spent: on sneakers, records, jewelry all produced by companies owned by nonblacks. Appealing to "black scholars, professionals, organizations and the wealthy among us" to pool their resources to build and promote black business, Farrakhan calls on blacks in general to redirect their spending to black enterprises. Proceeds from the Nation of Islam's "3-Year Economic Plan"—which involves frugality in one's personal life—will also go toward black economic development. Farrakhan also demands "the equitable distribution of business, financial assets and land ownership" to make up for the imbalance caused by slavery. Whether this "distribution" and "compensation" would mean reparation payments or a massive redistribution of property, Farrakhan does not say.

"We are the ones who can destroy the mentality of white supremacy," says Farrakhan, "by what we accomplish in the way of building and doing for self." If Farrakhan does embrace "victim politics," it is only in decrying how blacks continue to be cast in the role of helpless victims in need of paternalism. (A typical cartoon in the *Final Call* shows a well-dressed black woman pitching a story idea to a white publisher. Her idea is for a novel about "a together young black woman who nurtures and guides her children." The publisher replies, "I'm afraid we simply aren't in the market for fiction such as that." When the woman mentions her character's "abusive relationships with a broken shell of a father and an irresponsible string of unemployable or drug-crazed boyfriends," the publisher leans forward and says, "How soon can you have that on my desk? Let's talk movie options, here!")

In the end, it does not matter to Farrakhan what whites think about blacks, for his vision of unity and independence recognizes racial, not national, boundaries. He sees the current struggles of African-Americans as only a prelude to their independent existence in a black homeland, which according to Elijah Muhammad's manifesto the United States should subsidize in its early years. Regardless of whether one likes Farrakhan's vision of black self-reliance, it remains a real alternative to the failed policies of the welfare state.

Michael Washburn is the assistant editor of Chronicles.

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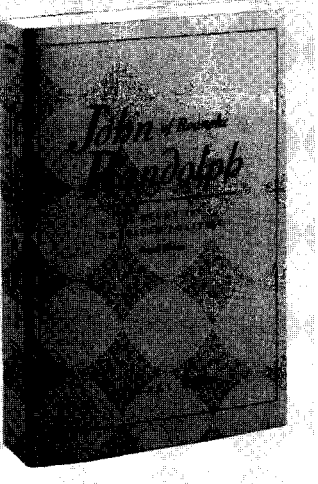

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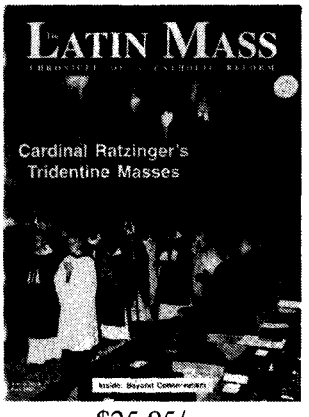

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